

THE ROUND TABLE.

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A TALK ABOUT WOMEN AND FLOWERS.

I.

MANY names of women in most cultivated languages are the same as, or have been derived from, those of flowers. This is very natural. Between the two gracious organisms there are many points of resemblance, and a lover, without having in his brain more than that unwritten poetry which exists in the veriest Corydon, could not fail of recognizing in his mistress some charm of form, complexion, or other trait which had struck him in a flower, and thus of transferring to her the name of her silent, soulless sister. The so-called poets themselves, as might be expected, have been quite active in detecting such resemblances and ingenious in applying them. The "Anthologies"—appropriately so called in this respect, at least—teem with elaborations of such conceits, which sometimes pass beyond the grade of mere *conceit* and flash upon one with the earnestness and truth of poetry. Here, for example, is one (rendered into such English as we are capable of) in which the lover expresses his concern at his sweetheart's running the risk of what happened to the infant Plato, ominous of and perhaps contributing to his future career. It is addressed

TO RHODOPHE.

Nay, linger not in that parterre
Of haunted rose-buds, darling, where
The bee his honey sips;
Lest, cheated by the sameness there
In fragrance, hue, and taste, he dare
Steal honey from your lips!

Another commends the lily-white of his mistress's skin or the complexion most transparent and tell-telling. It is to be hoped, for the sake both of the lady and of his own sagacity, that the hue was not artificially laid on; but these old Greeks and even the young ones were potent in philtres and connoisseurs in cosmetics. He closes with quite a pretty and unexpected little turn, which, it is also to be hoped, moved Liris with something else than mere surprise and prompted her to grant his petition. Perhaps he was sure of that beforehand, for he does not refer to the unfavorable properties of transparency, which can show disgust as well as pleasure and blush with aversion as deep as desire:

TO LIRIS.

Brow, neck, and bosom white as snow,
I would not have them, Lily dear,
One tint more warm, one shade less clear.
No other hue so well can show
The breathing of the soul below,
Or smiles so radiant can wear,
Or blush so soft when love is near.
So, Lily, blush—so smile upon me now!

Another valiant Philanth sums up his beloved's perfections right cleverly in the last word of an epigram:

TO IONE.

By the wayside growing, There in fragrance met,
Hiding more than showing, Blue-eyed violet,

Whom dost thou resemble? —*Her*, all else above;
In whose soft eyes tremble Purple lights of love;
Gentle, modest, hiding From the worldly crowd,
Silently abiding In her sweet self's shroud:
Have I not succeeded In her picture yet?
But one word is needed— Call her Violet.

We said just now that the term "Anthology," the collection of epigrams from which the preceding have been taken, was very appropriate to this topic. The word, in fact, means a gathering of flowers, or the nosegay when collected. Its prefix, variously inflected or compounded, is a very frequent woman's name in Greek. Thus we have Anthaea, the patronymic Anthaeis, and the diminutives Antheleia and Anthulla. But we must avoid the mistake which some one has committed of annexing Anthippe to this group, as if it were an augmentative like our horse-mint, horse-chestnut, and the like. The Greeks did use *ippo* in this accretive sense, but always, as far as we are aware, as a prefix. So Hippothenes, the victor in the first boy-wrestling at the Olympic games, was so called because he seemed comparatively as strong as a horse. But Anthippe was, in reality, anti-*ippo*—i.e., a match for a horse, and simply means a daring and successful female equestrian. The Romans, however, went to the Greek for a form in the botanical connection (as they did in a good many others), and took thence their Anthusa—i.e., Mrs. Bloomer.

Among the compounds in which the term always occurs as a suffix the Greeks had, for instance, the pretty name Neanthe, which simply means a bud. Cleanthis is doubtful; it may mean one who plucks flowers or wears a bouquet; or, more elaborately, it might be used to designate one who, with a face that had been or was still beautiful, was deformed in her limbs, and so could be likened to a broken flower-stalk; or, finally, it may refer to one broken down by physical or moral suffering, and so aptly termed a drooping flower—a phrase familiar to novelists and lugubrious poets. Chrysanthis relates to color and complexion, like our chrysanthemum; and Melantho is similarly indicative, not as meaning necessarily a negro beauty like our "Coal-black Rose" and other sable charmers about to be canonized in the Freedmen's Bureau, but associated with the deep, rich, glowing tint of some dark-blooming flower. If the Greeks had seen one of our dahlias—for instance, the Purple Empress or the Shulamite—they would assuredly have called it Melantho. We take the Latinized Greek Enanthe (which seems to have struck Byron's fancy as it did Cowley's) as commemorating complexion likewise. It would have been apt, too, for a Bacchante. The curious name Kuminathe, literally cumin-blossom, may have belonged to an herb-woman or doctress who imported or raised the Egyptian plant for pharmaceutical purposes. As far as we are aware, however, only the seeds were used medicinally. The last one of this group we shall cite is Ianthe—a synonym of our violet.

The Greeks had another name, Chloris, the mispronunciation of which Ovid believed to have produced the Roman Flora. So he says, at least, in his "Fasti"—a work of elaborate learning, and which, if written in prose, with a reasonable amount of dullness super-added, might have been put forth by the College of Augurs:

"Chloris eram que Flora vocor; corrupta Latino
Nominis est nostri littera Graeca sono."

In English:

"Chloris I was who Flora am called, corrupted in Latin
Utterance the letter in Greek beginning my name."

But in point of fact the Greek word is a color term, and vernacularly applied to the foliaceous germ, not the florescent corol of the plant. It might be appropriate to our Angelica (also a woman's name), whose flowers are green as well as its leaves. If Ovid's ety-

mology be accepted, then we may put down also Chloe, favorite with our freedwomen among flower names.

However this may be, the Romans had (as the Italians and Spaniards and we ourselves still have) the name of Flora originally as the mythological divinity of flowers. It was borne afterwards by a real woman of flesh and blood, but of less exalted reputation, to whose death-bed remorse, or some other contradictory or capricious feeling of the sex which cannot be wholly bad, was owing the institution of the Floralia that annually drove the young men and maidens of ancient Rome to the same pitch of distraction as the carnival does in the modern city. At least this is Lactantius's version, which, after all, might have been only gossip, readily caught up and circulated by the Christians whose liberty of conscience had been so long and sorely tried.

This Roman name, like its Greek equivalent, gave rise to divers inflections. Thus, in ancient Rome, were heard the fond diminutives Florentilla, Florentina, just as to-day, in the same place, the still softer Florentina and the contracted Fiorilla. The writer knew an English woman who rejoiced in the baptismal Florentine, and Florence is common in America, England, and France. Spain inflects it into Florencia. The French have a more musical poem in Florine, doubtless from a Roman Florina, though this last does not occur in surviving records as the masculine Florinus does. We cannot say as much, however, in behalf of the French Flore, the equivalent of Flora.

The immigrant Teutons, in their march on Italy, seem to have been taken by the melody or the meaning of these names, whose radical they borrowed, inflecting it after their own fashion. Thus we find Florisinha in the ninth and Florenberga in the eighth century. The meaning of these suffixes, abundant in old German feminine names, is by no means settled among scholars. We suppose the first to signify a *help-mate*, as Eve was to Adam; and the second, to involve the idea of maternity. It is hard to suppose that these people had not applied, in the same way, the equivalent word in their own language; but the only surviving approach to it is in the rather explosive and barbarous Pluoma, a name which we would rather not give to a daughter of ours. Nor have the modern Germans, as far as we have learned, any indigenous woman's name in this general sense. The Semitic tribes appear in the same category. The Hebrew generic name for flower is not a proper name; and though the Arab Zuhrah or Zahra, the concurrent of the Latin Venus in mythological attributes, denotes substantially a flower, the name may have come through the adjective, which signifies bright or beautiful. However this may be, the Arab name is Anglicized as Zara, when this is not a mere fancy spelling of Hebrew Sarah. But this restriction applies only to the general term.

THE HISTORY OF INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT IN CONGRESS.

IN considering the question of the proposed enactment of an international copyright law, it becomes interesting to know what has heretofore been done in the United States toward securing this great measure of justice. We have taken the pains to prepare the following historical abstract, embracing in one view all the facts regarding former applications to Congress in this behalf which a careful research among the journals and debates of both houses of Congress yields. Two highly important facts are established by the result: 1st, no bill embracing the principle of an international copyright has ever yet been brought to a vote in either branch of Congress; and, secondly, the question has never been thoroughly

discussed in that body. It results that the measure is now free to be considered in all its bearings by our legislators, unprejudiced by any former defeat or failure; and, as it has nothing to fear from discussion, but everything to gain, we call upon the friends of the measure in Congress not to let it sleep until the whole argument is brought before the country.

The first presentation of the subject to our national legislature of which we find trace was made on the 2d of February, 1837, when Henry Clay presented to the Senate an address of certain authors of Great Britain, representing "the injury in their reputation and property to which they have been long exposed from the want of a law to secure to them within the United States the exclusive right to their respective writings, and requesting a legislative remedy." The address itself lies before us, in a dingy-looking "Doc. No. 162," covering, with the signatures, four pages octavo. It has fifty-seven names appended, among which are those of Thomas Campbell, Charles Lyell, Thomas Carlyle, Samuel Rogers, Harriet Martineau, Isaac Disraeli, Benjamin Disraeli, H. H. Milman, Mary Somerville, W. Whewell, James Montgomery, R. Murchison, Joanna Baillie, Thomas Chalmers, E. L. Bulwer, T. N. Talfourd, Maria Edgeworth, P. M. Roget, Henry Hallam, and Robert Southey. A goodly list, truly! The address set forth (what is still the plain fact) "that American authors are injured by the non-existence of the desired law. While American publishers can provide themselves with works for publication by unjust appropriation, instead of by equitable purchase, they are under no inducement to afford to American authors a fair remuneration for their labors; and the works thus appropriated by American booksellers are liable to be mutilated and altered at the pleasure of the said booksellers, or of other persons who may have an interest in conciliating the supposed principles or prejudices of purchasers in the respective sections of the Union."

The address fitly closed by a pointed instance of the hardship and injustice of a denial of copyright in the case of Sir Walter Scott, then recently deceased: "While the works of this author, dear alike to your country and to ours, were read from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, he received no remuneration from the American public for his labors; yet, an equitable remuneration might have saved his life, and would, at least, have relieved its closing years from the burden of debts and destructive toils."

On the motion of Mr. Clay, this address was referred to a select committee of the Senate. Messrs. Clay, Preston, Buchanan, Webster, Ewing, and Ruggles were appointed that committee.

Two days later, February 4, 1837, Mr. Clay presented the petition of W. A. Duer (author of a work on constitutional jurisprudence) and other American authors, praying for such changes in the copyright laws as should insure to authors a safer interest in their property, and to foreigners a reasonable protection. This was referred to the same committee.

With commendable promptitude, Mr. Clay, the chairman, made a report on February 10, 1837, from the select committee on international copyright, accompanied by a bill to amend the existing law. We quote a few extracts from the report, which was undoubtedly written by Mr. Clay:

"It being established that literary property is entitled to legal protection, it results that this protection ought to be afforded wherever the property is situated. A British merchant transmits to the United States a bale of merchandise, and the moment it comes within the jurisdiction of our laws they throw around it effectual security. But if the work of a British author is brought to the United States, it may be appropriated by any resident here, and republished, without any compensation whatever being made to the author. We should be all shocked [sic] if the law tolerated the least invasion of the rights of property in the case of the merchandise, whilst those which justly belong to the works of authors are exposed to daily violation, without the possibility of their invoking the aid of the laws.

"The committee think that this distinction in the condition of the two descriptions of property is not just. Already the principle has been adopted in the patent laws of extending their benefits to foreign inventions. It is but carrying out the same principle to extend the benefit of our copyright laws to foreign authors. The bill which the committee propose provides that the protection which it secures shall extend to those works only which shall be published after its passage. If the bill should pass, its operation in this country would be to leave the public, without any charge for copyright,

in the undisturbed possession of all scientific and literary works published prior to its passage—in other words, the great mass of the science and literature of the world; and to entitle the British or French author only to the benefit of copyright in respect to works which may be published subsequent to the passage of the law.

"With respect to the constitutional power to pass the proposed bill, the committee entertain no doubt, and Congress, as before stated, has acted on it."

The bill reported was as follows:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the provisions of the act to amend the several acts respecting copyrights, which was passed on the third day of February, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, shall be extended to, and the benefits thereof may be enjoyed by, any subject or resident of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or of France, in the same manner as if they were citizens or residents of the United States, upon depositing a printed copy of the title of the book or other work for which a copyright is desired in the clerk's office of the district court of any district in the United States, and complying with the other requirements of the said act: *Provided*, That this act shall not apply to any of the works enumerated in the aforesaid act which shall have been etched or engraved, or printed and published, prior to the passage of this act: *And provided*, *Also*, That, unless an edition of the work for which it is intended to secure the copyright shall be printed and published in the United States simultaneously with its issue in the foreign country, or within one month after depositing as aforesaid the title thereof in the clerk's office of the district court, the benefits of copyright hereby allowed shall not be enjoyed as to such work."

This bill, limited and imperfect as it was, did not receive the attention of the Senate, engrossed as it was with other business, and that session of Congress adjourned without action on the subject. But it had aroused attention in the country, and some unfavorable comments in the newspapers, so that we find petitions against the enactment of an international copyright coming in at the next session of Congress in considerable numbers. One of these, from Philadelphia, sets out with the statement that "its passage through a second reading in the Senate, it is believed, was obtained mainly through the zeal of its friends and the want of action among its opponents," and closes thus: "We would urgently and respectfully request your honorable bodies to oppose the international copyright law in all its stages, believing it impolitic and unjust." The chief and almost the only objections urged in these memorials against the proposed law were, that it would throw out of employment about thirty millions of capital and several thousand laborers engaged in the manufacture of foreign books, and would increase largely the price to be paid by the American public for such works. These objections are now seen to be chiefly chimerical, since no one familiar with the development which the publishing art and the demand for books have attained in the United States can believe that a less number of books would be produced, or their price enhanced beyond a trifling percentage for the benefit of the author. We shall resume this sketch next week.

REVIEWS.

MR. TOWLE'S "HENRY THE FIFTH."*

MR. TOWLE'S "History of Henry the Fifth" is one of those literary blunders which are scarcely less than crimes. He has added nothing to what was already known, while by preoccupying the ground he estops other and abler writers from treating the subject more in accordance with its real merit. For the epoch which he has undertaken to depict has hardly sufficient significance to justify much study, and no one would wish to work over anew these masses of detail merely to bring out in bolder relief events in themselves of no considerable importance. Henry V. was, after all, not so very remarkable an individual. In popular literature he is interesting simply for the use Shakespeare has made of him in connection with *Sir John Falstaff*. In graver history he is celebrated as the victor at Agincourt. But a great battle is of permanent value only when it leads to decisive results, and the wars of France and England would not be worth the paper on which they have been handed down to us were it not that their sequel was the utter annihilation of English claims to the Gallic crown, and the peremptory restriction

* "The History of Henry the Fifth: King of England, Lord Ireland, and Heir of France." By George Makepeace Towle, author of "Glimpses of History." New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1866.

of the houses of Lancaster, York, and Tudor to their own island domain. Every success which the banner of St. George achieved over the *fleur-de-lis* was fatal; every defeat which it encountered was a victory. Driven from their foothold on the continent, the English monarchs found, in the consolidation of the three kingdoms, a sphere of action which called out all their energies, and in its far-reaching consequences was of infinitely greater moment than the showy but deceitful splendors of foreign conquest.

Had Mr. Towle possessed adequate mental vision to perceive this, and had his power of generalization and his command of the mother tongue been otherwise commensurate with his opportunity, he might have given us a work that would have placed his name close to those of the really great historians which this country has produced. Though the era of Henry V. was in no respect a representative one, there are, nevertheless, elements in it which, if properly set forth, would not be without a certain profit to the student of history.

It was not the military prowess of the king of England, nor the imbecilities and tragedies of the French court which gave special character to the period, though these fling over everything a glaring and ghastly light; it was rather the silent modifications which were taking place in the very structure of society that make the times significant to us. And although these changes can hardly be restricted to any single reign, yet they were certainly very actively at work during the Lancastrian usurpation. Henry V. belongs to an epoch of transitions. In the time of his father the power of the feudal lords was greater than that of the monarch, and Henry of Bolingbroke became king only because he was Duke of Lancaster. In the time of his son began that War of the Roses which swept away the flower of the English aristocracy, and made the throne and the House of Commons superior to the barons. The institutions of chivalry, at their zenith during the middle of the preceding century, had already degenerated to mere costuming and pageantry. Chaucer came none too soon to paint the departing glories and the quaint common aspects of the feudal time. The sudden emergence of literature out of darkness, and the existence of a Protestant party in all things but the name, constitute another feature in the picture. Indeed, the single fact that the agitation of the Lollards led the clergy into urging on the war with France, that public attention might be distracted from a too close scrutiny of ecclesiastical abuses, is of more importance, rightly viewed, than twenty Agincourts. The rise of the lower house of parliament, a necessary incident to the usurpation, and the notable abstinence of the three Henrys from the exercise of unusual and arbitrary power, thereby establishing a precedent, disobedience to which cost Charles I. his crown, are in themselves a weighty and remarkable phase.

Here, then, was a clear field for vivid grouping and the display of philosophical insight. But it is the misfortune of our author to mistake non-essentials for essentials, and to magnify the little at the expense of the really great. He is at vast pains to show that Henry of Monmouth was a dutiful son, that he was a devout monarch, that he was a triumphant warrior; all of which is well enough in its way, only that we were aware of it before. Of these other aspects, however, our author has merely a dim and misty conception. Nor is the vagueness which pervades Mr. Towle's ideas in this respect anywise assisted by the effort to express them in words. We have already hinted that he has but an imperfect command of the vernacular, and indeed his wanderings through the realms of substantives and verbs are sometimes painful to witness. He not merely fails to give a clear sense of the situation and is utterly unapt in bringing together the true circumstances of the era; he also obliterates what little effect there was in him to produce, by the inflation and pomposness of his style. Language, said the witty Frenchman, was invented to conceal thought, and Mr. Towle's function in literature appears to be to prove the truth of that paradox. His introduction, for instance, reads like a sophomorical oration, and is pitched in so high a key that one is prevented from apprehending his meaning by the very loudness of its delivery. Two consecutive perusals were necessary

sary before we could gain any intelligible idea of what he was asserting; and even then it was like the text of Thucydides to a beginner in Greek, requiring perpetual and laborious translation to make it clear. And the offense is all the greater because the volume is dedicated to Lord Macaulay. Not that this was in itself so very improper. A cat may look at a king, and unquestionably a Towle may inscribe his *magnum opus* to him who sleeps in Westminster Abbey; though if that splendid rhetorician were still alive, we much fear our author would suffer the pangs of unrequited affection. But how he could have so singled out the most accomplished stylist of the century without catching some inspiration from the masterly lucidity of his writing, passes our understanding.

Of the general character of Mr. Towle's composition, its turgid commonplaces, its vaulting incoherencies, its *lucus-a-non-lucendo* sentences, we shall not venture upon an example, for if we once began we should not know where to leave off; the inextricable confusion of the author might be transmitted to the critic, and, instead of finishing our article, we should be infringing on the copyright. The minor faults, however, deserve some illustration. Thus, for a specimen of bad grammar, take the following:

"The easy and amiable temper of Charles the Well-Beloved yielded to this appeal, having a natural disinclination to war, and being inclined to adopt measures most favorable to harmony with England"—p. 86.

His proneness to epithets and the painful evidence of artificiality displayed in their use are mildly exemplified in the subjoined:

"*Illustrious* generals, who returned to *glad* ovations from scenes of *distant* victory, directed their swords, not yet cleaned of the blood of the common enemy, against those with whom they had fought side by side"—p. 2.

Here the italicized words are manifestly picked out of Roget's "Thesaurus," and the sentence is to the true art of writing what a portrait in Roman mosaic is to a Van Dyck.

The author's metaphors exhibit great eccentricity:

"Shakespeare seems to have caught the infection, and to have *caressed* the fame of the hero king with the choicest *coruscations* of his *genius*"—p. 164.

"He had only to wait for the *blooming* of internal conflict to bring his schemes to fruition"—p. 285.

"Those vultures who *hang about* courts to breed hatred between kinsmen, that they may feed upon the emoluments of state"—p. 238.

As to the palpable inaccuracies of phrase and slovenly disregard of idiom, the subjoined sentences are all we can find room for:

"The spirit of war *led up* the barons to put their audacious hands upon the throne itself." . . . "His record as Prince of Wales was *well toned* to inspire the nation with admiration." . . . "Whatever ambition the record of his life exhibited him to *have possessed*."

"The spirit of honor, which made his valorous breast to heave with proud and passionate emotion," etc.

We protest, moreover, against so epical a sentence as "The trumpet for the onset gave the blast," or the use of such phrases as "restraining a hight," or "power at a focus" where centralization is the proper word, or the calling the House of Commons, "the just terrorizer of tyrants."

Mr. Towle does not confine himself, however, to inexactness of language, or to the art of obscuring thought, or to the dangerous pleasures of the grand style; he sometimes unbends himself. All his chapters are capped with a couplet, after the fashion of a young lady's first novel. John of Gaunt he eulogizes as "Quixote in the right place, with a royal coronet upon his head;" and next tells us that "Thackeray's Thomas Newcome is John of Gaunt toned down to the nineteenth century," etc. This singular comparison evidently titillates his fancy, and, after the fashion of his predecessors from Plutarch to Mr. Bancroft, he indulges himself in some very curious parallels between the modern colonel and his rough prototype, the Duke of Lancaster.

But, alas! versatility is not genius; nor will his singular discovery of a resemblance between a fourteenth century warrior and a character in fiction save Mr. Towle's reputation as an author. We fear, indeed, that the evidence of his incapacity is cumulative. Incoherent in verbal expression, incoherent in the ideas lying behind expression, he is likewise deficient in still other and most essential qualities. Not the least proof of it is that, though his book is ostensibly a history of Henry V., yet the pages from "the

accession of the king" to the end are but two hundred and thirty-one, while the pages preceding that event are two hundred and forty-three! The lack of grasp and of due proportion thus exhibited, though a grave defect, becomes, however, quite insignificant beside the serious obliquity of vision in reference to the secret springs of action which is everywhere displayed. In treating of the Lollards, he manifestly misapprehends the reasons of their rapid increase. We are told, it is true, that political influences were at work; but then in Mr. Towle's mind the nature of this political atmosphere was democratic, and he sees in Sir John Oldcastle a second Wat Tyler.

Now the real facts are, that the English masses hated a burdensome tax, and wished the church lands to bear their share in the support of government; while the aristocracy were eager for office, and the clergy monopolized all the fat places. We might easily prove both of these propositions, but must limit ourselves for lack of space to the second one alone, the more because it will be thus shown why John of Gaunt, the two Henries before they ascended the throne, Chaucer, and a host of others took sides with the party of reform. A century before, the ignorance of the laity had been very great. Few of the great lords could sign their names to their proclamations, still fewer could have written these out in full. The monks and priests were the only clerks. They were, therefore, called upon to fill every important position. But since the day of the "long-shank" monarch a change had come. In one year, if we may believe an old chronicler, there were collected in the University of Oxford thirty thousand students. Many of them were probably contented with what would appear to a modern grammar-school teacher the very minimum of knowledge. Nevertheless, not a few of the younger sons of noblemen fitted themselves for all the duties of a fourteenth century magistracy or a fourteenth century statesman. The competition for office naturally increased. Yet the offices were still in the hands of the clergy. Here, then, was an opening for jealousy and political agitation. It was something annoying, certainly, to a baron or a duke with a large family of capable sons, that an archbishop of Canterbury should be lord chancellor, the bishop of Bath and Wells lord treasurer, that the privy seal swung from the neck of an archdeacon, while one priest was master of the rolls, another master-in-chancery, and yet another master of the wardrobe. It became a matter of serious import when almost every home and foreign department was filled by a portly incumbent, whose chief virtue was a shaven crown; and men who cared very little about papal usurpation or the mysteries of transubstantiation were quite alive to this overwhelming predominance of the clergy in a field which they naturally deemed their own. Nothing of this appears to have occurred to Mr. Towle. He has eyes, but he will not see; ears, but he will not hear.

Another instance of his criminal blindness to the real state of things is his attributing Henry's youthful intimacy with distinguished prelates to his predilection for Rome, when the cause was plainly that in an age of little scholarship they were the only scholars. His ignorance of the condition of classical studies at the universities is proved when he says of Henry that "He threw up Homer to imitate in act, as he had in thought, the achievements of Achilles." Throw up Homer! The boy was not eleven years old, and Greek was not an Oxford accomplishment at that time!

But we have a still more serious charge to bring against our author. Seeking to justify the publication of his book, he tells us in his preface that "there is no reliable history of him [Henry] extant." So far, however, is this from being true, that there exists at least one history of Henry in two octavo volumes, written by the Rev. Mr. Tyler and published by Bentley, in 1843, which is not merely reliable, but is vastly more readable than is Mr. Towle's work, is pervaded with a critical spirit in which that author is utterly wanting, and contains the elucidation of many ill-understood transactions, without the generous use of which the volume now under review could never have been written. To Tyler is due the clearing up of the youthful good fame of Henry. He attacks Shakespeare's portraiture of *Prince Hal* with

vigor only less than the success which attends it. That great dramatist is convicted of gross anachronisms; it is shown that he derived his material not from contemporary history, but from chroniclers who wrote a century later; it is proved that when he had the real facts at his command he purposely distorted them to suit the exigence of the plot. Mr. Tyler goes further. He arraigns all the historians, Hume, Turner, Sir Harris Nicolas. He brings into the courts the testimony of parliament to Henry's good character as far back as 1406. He demolishes Walsingham. He puts Lydgate and Occleve on the witness stand, and, by means of his genuine enthusiasm and the hearty reverence for the truth of history which accompanies it, we are enabled at last to get a satisfactory idea of what the son of Henry IV. really was. Not that Tyler is immaculate. There is, indeed, a good deal of silliness in him. He prefaces every traditional peccadillo with a sermon, and one sees something ludicrous in the exultation with which he declares that, as a result of his investigations, "no young man can be encouraged by Henry's example (as it is feared many, especially of the higher classes, have been encouraged) in early habits of moral delinquency." But his style, though apologetical and slightly anile, has the merit of being intelligible, which is more than we can say of his successor's, while he is modest to a fault and is immeasurably above the small dishonesty of keeping his collaborators out of sight.

Now we cannot persuade ourselves that Mr. Towle appears to advantage in this connection. He chooses to give us an eulogy when he might have written a history, and the very source of the new facts on which that eulogy is based is studiously ignored. Once only is there an allusion to his predecessor in the text, and then it is to disparage him. "Mr. Tyler," he says, "has devoted much space to a very vain object—an attempt to prove that Henry really believed in his right to the French crown." Of course, to such "a very vain object" Mr. Towle would by no means commit himself. He prefers to think the "benign prince" was not so "stupid," and that the slaughter-house of Agincourt and the terrible starvation scenes of Harfleur and Rouen, with innocent captives swinging from gibbets on every trench, and France devastated from the Channel to the Seine, were simply for the "glory of England," and a glory in which he can perceive no guile. Yet let that pass. It is, to be sure, a rather damaging style of panegyric; it does not indicate that severe reverence for the verities which we are accustomed to look for in a conscientious historian, but we will agree to dispense with this. Our present concern is with the lack of something more than good taste in the peculiar treatment to which Mr. Tyler is subjected. There is a stubborn, pithy, and pitiless Anglo-Saxon word, which courtesy prevents our employing, but which seems to us to exactly characterize this species of literary felony. All the other shortcomings of our author shrink into nothingness beside it, and we hold that his name must rest under a cloud until a satisfactory explanation is given.

It is time, however, for us to stop. We could wish to examine more closely into the methods of Mr. Towle's eulogy of Henry, and point out certain flaws therein. But the book is hardly worth the labor. We think we have already made it evident that it is neither good English nor good history, that it fills up no vacancy, and is profitable only as a warning. Excellent in binding, excellent in letter-press, it is like the apples of Sodom, and of the nature of that fruit no well-informed reader need be told.

LIBRARY TABLE.

The Compendium of Tachygraphy; or, Lindsley's Phonetic Short-hand. By D. P. Lindsley. Boston: Otis Clapp. Pp. 52. 1865.

It is now about thirty years ago that the first photographic book was published in England, by Isaac Pitman; and the original plan has since received so important modifications that it has rightly been considered the nearest approach to a practicable method. A great number of those who have had patience enough to learn and practice it have become able to write, with ease, sixty or seventy words in a minute, which is much faster than the ordinary speed with

which long-hand is written, and a few have made themselves accurate verbatim reporters. But the system is too difficult for any large class of people to ever so far master as to make it practical, so that many who have tried it have given it up as an idle scheme and gone back to the drudgery of long-hand, while those who have persevered in its use have been constantly annoyed by its equivocal forms. Some instances of the ludicrous but often serious blunders thus occasioned were given in a recent article in this paper. Ministers have knit their brows over their manuscripts, lawyers have in vain striven to decipher their briefs, and reporters (who *must* make something out of their notes) have called down upon their heads the wrath of many a popular speaker who has thus had words put into his mouth that he never dreamed of uttering.

But an improved system of short-hand, called tachygraphy, the invention of Mr. D. P. Lindsley, of Boston, has been recently coming into notice, and, if we mistake not, it bids fair to supersede the system of Pitman. Certainly very many short-hand writers are abandoning phonography and taking up the new method; and we do not know of one who has carefully examined its claims but has granted its superiority. Its main advantages are these: (1.) A prevalence of oblique and horizontal consonantal characters, thus avoiding that perpendicular stiffness which hinders or wearis the hand so much in writing phonography. (2.) Most of the vowels are joined to the consonants in writing, in their proper order. Here is perhaps the chief distinction between the two systems. In phonography you represent the vowels by light or heavy dots and dashes, which are disjoined from the consonants, and besides have different meanings according as they are written at the beginning, middle, or end of the consonant—in the first, second, or third position, as it is called. In tachygraphy, the vowel sounds are represented each by its own character, the greater part of them being small semicircles or diamond points; and most of these can be readily joined with the consonants, either directly or by means of a little stroke, called the "connecting stroke," which causes no ambiguity. The light and heavy dots are also used, which of course must always be disconnected; but they stand respectively for the comparatively infrequent sound of *ai* in *fair*, and for that of *e* in *let*, which, in a majority of cases, does not need to be expressed. Neither system in practical use gives full vocalization to all its words, for this is not necessary in the case of the unaccented syllables of most words of any length; but any given extent of vocalization can be far more quickly effected by vowels inserted, so as to make one running character of the word, than by disjoined vowels; and besides, legibility can thus be better secured than by vowel characters, which have such different meanings according to their varied position. This is a great gain upon the old method, and one that cannot well be over-estimated, if it be at all necessary that one should be able to read quickly and accurately what he has written. The minister and the literary man must have some system which they can read with as much ease as they can write, or they will continue to wear out their energies in the unceasing mechanical effort now incident upon the work of composition—an effort whose exhausting nature no one can appreciate till he has known what it is to be forced to it hour after hour and day after day. (3.) An equally important advantage of tachygraphy consists in its use of comparatively few contractions, and in its rejection of arbitrary signs. Phonographers tell us that "the few simple sounds of our language are represented by upwards of three hundred and fifty different signs and combinations of signs"—which would seem a number sufficiently large; but in reality they make use of more than ten times this number. From the phonographic letter "*p*" alone, different contractions give rise to about one hundred and seventy forms; and this, repeated in connection with the eight straight signs and fifteen curves, gives us, allowing for some deductions, an overwhelming aggregate of more than thirty-five hundred different "signs and combinations of signs!" Tachygraphy has forty-three simple signs for both vowels and consonants, and contractions amounting to about fifty more, thus giving in all less than one hundred authorized characters.

Who can fail to see, from this comparison, the great gain in its favor? And when we consider that, besides all this, phonography makes use of a vast number of arbitrary word-signs and tachygraphy of none, we have the fullest explanation that we could ask of the success which is attending the latter, and of the repeated failures of the former. How much time has been wasted in attempts to master phonography's burdensome array of technicalities; and how little, comparatively, need be spent in learning the more recent system!

We would make no invidious remarks in reference to phonography. It has accomplished much good if it has led the way to a simpler and more philosophical method. But a long experience has satisfied us, with many others, that its own excellencies are more than counterbalanced by its defects. Earnest efforts have been made to introduce it into schools, and many of our youth have, by this means, gained a more accurate knowledge of the sounds of our language; but this is about all the result, for not one-hundredth part of those who have commenced it have ever gone so far as to practice it; and the Waltham (Mass.) high school is almost the only school which has gained anything more than a local reputation for its success in teaching it. We are safe in saying that it has in general disappointed the hopes of its friends; and if any such have not yet heard of the more simple system we have been presenting, we can honestly commend it to their notice. Phonography has made some few accurate professional reporters; though even for this purpose, as we have seen, it is ill-adapted. But it is not in connection with this that any system of rapid writing should hold out its chief inducement. It is needed not so much for purposes of reporting as for the uses of every-day life. The clergyman, the editor, the author, the lawyer, the merchant—all who have much writing to do—may be relieved of very much of their labor, and we believe that to all these classes we are conveying important information. We have not claimed perfection for the new system, but we do feel sure that an object so much desired is no longer impracticable. Having been no long time before public notice, of course tachygraphy cannot point to an extended array of statistics in its favor. But it can urge its own inherent claims, and these, if well founded, will prove the surest harbinger of an enduring success. Let none, because disappointed in phonography, hastily reject this also as a quixotic scheme, but let all who are interested give to the subject a candid investigation.

"Eva: A Goblin Romance." In five parts. By John Savage. New York: James B. Kirker. 1865. Pp. 100.

MR. JOHN SAVAGE seems very anxious to be mistaken for a poet. With this desire he has published a small volume of lines, beginning with capitals and ending with rhymes, which we can hardly dignify by the name of verse. What the story is we were unable to ascertain, as the book is utterly unreadable. We at first thought that it was intended as a satire; but, on looking at the dedication, concluded that it was written by some inmate of a private mad-house. The poem opens thus:

"The evening sun was setting fair
Beneath a sky of blue,
And nature's charms on earth, in air,
Were fading into dew.
The sun's broad beams athwart did lie
The crimson-mantled west,
As a golden cross of chivalry
Charged on a purple vest.

"The evening calm as the smile of Him
Who said, 'Thy will be done.'
And the pious air seemed hushed in prayer,
Like a seraphic nun.
In truth it was a placid scene,
Where awe did wonder woo;
Yea, such as men full seldom ken
The coming twilight through."

In an interview with her lover Eva exclaims:

"My heart is throbbing like a sea,
And could sea span the skies above,
I feel its vast immensity
Could not cradle half my love."

The effect of this on the lover is thus described:

"But suddenly he started—bright
His thankful gesture spoke,
As vocal as a host of light
In cave dawn never woke."

We should think it must have had some such effect. At another time,

"The fluttering Eva nestled close
Unto her Kevin's breast,
They soothed the sudden fears that rose,
By being both caressed."

One more stanza and we have done:

"Mine, only mine?
'For ever thine!'
And she clung around the youth
With the fervor which betrays itself
Supporting a woman's truth."

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

A CURIOUS and interesting little volume is "A Plea for the Queen's English," by Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury, the second edition of which has lately been published by Messrs. Strahan & Co. Dean Alford does not go into the history of our mother tongue after the profound philological methods now in vogue, but contents himself with jotting down "stray notes," now of speaking, now of spelling, pointing out the mistakes into which many of his countrymen fall, and correcting them in the most effective, because the most sensible, manner. Handling subjects not in themselves of general interest, he contrives to render them such by his vivacity and intelligence. He occasionally fails to convince us of the correctness of his notions, but he never lessens our respect for his knowledge, and, above all, for his sterling, manly, common sense. Speaking of grammatical rules, which, we all know, are frequently at variance with the usages of the best writers and speakers, he says: "But I conceive we have had enough of these so-called universal rules. All I would say on them to my younger readers is, the less you know of them, the less you turn your words right or left to observe them, the better. Write good, manly English; explain what you mean so sensibly, intelligent men cannot fail to understand it; and then, if the rules be good, you will be sure to have complied with them; and if they be bad, your writing will be a protest against them." The impression left upon our minds by the dean's volume, which we take to represent fairly the existing state of the blunder-element in the English language, is, that the majority of educated Americans commit fewer mistakes in writing and speaking English than the English themselves. We never say, for instance, "Directly we arrived;" nor, "I meant to have come to you, but I couldn't get." Nor do we usually, unless jocularly, write such notes as this: "Mr. T. presents his compliments to Mr. H., and I have got a hat that is not his, and if he have got a hat that is not yours, no doubt they are the expectant ones." We commend the dean's "Plea" to our readers, particularly those who have the habit of slovenly writing and speaking.

Messrs. Strahan & Co. also publish the fourth edition of Dean Alford's "Poetical Works," which contains a number of pieces now first collected. An edition of the dean's poems was published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields as far back as 1853; but it is not, we fancy, very widely known in this country, partly because poetry sold less then than now and partly because the dean's genius, though of a pure, is certainly not of a striking character. The new edition of his poetical writings is dedicated to the laureate, and the employment of arranging it for the press recalled the time, he says, "when we wrought together in the 'English Club' at Cambridge. It is the brightest recollection of my poetic life that I witnessed on those happy evenings the first outburst, and the gradual modulating into harmony, of some of your sweetest strains, which are now known and felt through the world." The dean's early poetry gave promise of an excellence which he has never reached, no doubt for a number of very good reasons. All poets in their youth begin in gladness, but the majority have to turn to other paths than those of song. A notable instance of this fact is John Hamilton Reynolds, the brother-in-law of Thomas Hood and the friend and correspondent of Keats—a born poet, whom circumstances, made a lawyer and consigned to respectability and oblivion. To return to the dean, however; his early pieces are by far his best, as witness his beautiful ballad, "Lady Mary," written in 1832, and this nameless little dirge of the same date:

1832.

The cowslip standeth in the grass,
The primrose in the budding grove
Hath laid her pale fair breast
On the green sward to rest:
The vapors that cease not to rove
Athwart the blue sky, fleet and pass,
And ever o'er the golden sun
Their shadows run.

He is not in the glittering mead,
Stooping to fill his hands with flowers;
He is not in the wood,
Plucking the primrose bud;
He doth not mark the bloomy hours,
The joy and May he doth not heed;
Under the church-wall in the shade
His bed is made.

A later poem of the dean's is in the same tender and mournful strain. It is among the poems "now first collected:"

FILIO DESIDERATISSIMO.

When I paint thee what thou mightest be,
When I think on what thou art,
Trace thine image in my memory,
Search that memory through mine heart—
Then I feel how widely parted
Is that other side from this:
What a gulf divides our fancy
From that unimagined bliss.

Sometimes by my side thou walkest,
Grown a stripling tall and fair,
Godlike in thine youthful beauty,
But oh, not as thou art there!
All thine interests springing in thee,
Gushing toward me fresh and clear,
Fancy-drawn from things around me,
Speak not of that nobler sphere.

Day by day, and every moment,
Always present, never sought,
Standing, looking, speaking, loving,
Gliding through the realms of thought,
O, my child, my spirit's presence,
Dearest comfort, nearest joy,
All these nine long years where art thou,
Where, and what, mine angel boy?

THE proof reading of our dailies is very careless, particularly in the matter of proper names. The *Evening Post* is exceedingly negligent, its literary items abounding in blunders. In notice the other day of the sale of the library of Mr. J. B. Fisher the Count de Gabalis was metamorphosed into the Count de Gabales; Joseph Glanville, the author of "Sadducismus Triumphatus," into Stanvil; and O. Rich, the well-known bibliographer, into O. Beck.

Of the making of many books, particularly of histories of the late war, there is no end. The last that we have seen announced—would, indeed, that it were the *last*—is by Mr. J. T. Headley, who has, or had some years ago, the reputation of being a very glowing writer of battle scenes. It will occupy two volumes, of what size we are not told, and will be published by the American Publishing Company of Hartford, we presume by subscription only, such being the method now adopted for pushing off large editions of war-books.

MISS JEAN INGELOW, who has no peer in verse among all the women-writers of England, has a charming and graceful talent in prose, such as is not commonly possessed by poets. Her first prose volume, which she modestly named "Studies for Stories," is a book to be remembered, if only for the insight it shows into the nature of the young, whom she knows how to make as interesting as the grown people of novels. Her second volume, "Stories Told to a Child," is in a lower key, but equally interesting. It contains fourteen short stories, which are among the best of the kind that we have ever read, being as original in their way as those of Hans Christian Andersen, and most delightfully told. The fairy element in some of them, as "The One-Eyed Servant" and "The Minnows with Silver Tails," reminds us of the fantasies running through so many of Andersen's tales, yet they are as original as if he had never written. The illustrations, one to each story, are not such as we are accustomed to in our children's books—wretched drawings, wretchedly cut and printed—but dainty little designs by two or three clever English artists, who have entered into the spirit of the writer and reproduced it in their drawings. Messrs. Roberts Brothers, who are Miss Ingelow's American publishers, bring out this her last and prettiest book.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers also publish an edition of Butler's "Hudibras," matching in size their pretty edition of Coombe's "Tour of Dr. Syntax," with a number of exceedingly beautiful little head-pieces, which can hardly be the work of any living English artist. We have a sort of recollection of having seen them, or something like them, in some of the Chiswick books. At any rate, they are strikingly like the drawings of an artist named Thurston, who illustrated the Chiswick edition of Puckle's "Club" some thirty odd years ago, and which are said to resemble the designs of Chodowicki, who was very popular in Germany in the latter half of the last century. For Butler's poem—that inimitable storehouse of wit, the like of which exists in no living language—what can we say of it that has not been said again and again, and much better than we can hope to say it in a brief notice like this?

It is not much read nowadays, but it ought to be, especially by writers who aspire at wit, if only for the sake of seeing how it is produced by one of its most perfect masters. The leavings of an author like Butler would set up a score of *Vanity Fairs*, *Mrs. Grundy*, and *Phunny Pheloues*. His wit, however, was but sorry capital for him, poor fellow, being, as he wrote, "very chargeable, and not to be maintained in its necessary expenses at an ordinary rate; it is the worst trade in the world to live upon, and a commodity that no man thinks he has need of, for those who have least believe they have most."

MR. W. J. WIDDLETTON is about to complete his edition of the works of Christopher North by the addition of six new volumes, two being filled by his "Recreations," two by his "Miscellanies," and two by his "Poems and Tales."

FOREIGN.

A NOTABLE man in his day, though but little known in ours, passed to his rest in the person of Mr. Thomas Love Peacock, who died recently at the ripe age of eighty. He has two claims to remembrance: the first, as a writer of merit in a rather narrow walk of literature; the second, as a friend of Shelley's, when the latter was a young man driven to and fro by the unrest which possessed him. They journeyed in Wales together, and, at a later day, corresponded frequently, as the readers of Shelley's letters will remember. As a writer, Mr. Peacock is best known by his lively and humorous novels, or novelties: "Headlong Hall," published in 1816; "Nightmare Abbey," in 1818; "Maid Marian," in 1822; and "Crotchet Castle," in 1831. He had also a considerable talent for poetry, which was shown by "The Philosophy of Melancholy," a handsome quarto, published in 1812, and "Rhododaphne; or, The Thessalian Spell," in 1818. The last of these productions, from which Shelley says he expected "extraordinary success," was republished in this country, and attributed by a Richmond magazine to Richard Dabney, one of our early versifiers. The late Edgar A. Poe spoke of it, years after, in one of his "Marginalia," as "brimful of music," and quoted the following lines as a taste of its quality:

"By living streams in sylvan shades,
Where winds and waves symphonous make
Rich melody, the youths and maidens
No more with choral music wake
Lone Echo from her tangled brake."

In 1820 Mr. Peacock published, in Ollier's "Literary Miscellany," an essay entitled "The Four Ages of Poetry," which Shelley attacked in a letter to the publisher, who was likewise his publisher, and which called forth his own "Defense of Poetry." A paragraph from this paradoxical essay may not be uninteresting, since it gives us Mr. Peacock's opinion of some of his contemporaries:

"While the historian and the philosopher are advancing in and accelerating the progress of knowledge, the poet is wallowing in the rubbish of departed ignorance, and raking the ashes of dead savages to find gewgaws and rattles for the grown babies of the age. Mr. Scott digs up the poachers and cattle-stealers of the ancient border. Lord Byron cruises for thieves and pirates on the shores of the Morea and among the Greek islands. Mr. Southey wades through ponderous volumes of travels and old chronicles, from which he carefully selects all that is false, useless, and absurd, as being essentially poetical, and when he has a commonplace book full of monstrosities, strings them into an epic. Mr. Wordsworth picks up village legends from old women and sextons, and Mr. Coleridge, to the valuable information acquired from such sources, superadds the dreams of crazy theologians and the mysticisms of German metaphysics, and favors the world with visions in verse, in which the quadruple elements of sexton, old woman, Jeremy Taylor, and Emanuel Kant are harmonized into a delicious poetical compound."

Criticism of this sort is as comical now as Lord Jeffrey's famous "It won't do" on the appearance of "The Excursion," and we only quote it to show the vagaries into which a really clever man may fall, particularly when writing about poetry. For Mr. Peacock's prose tales, which were reprinted in one volume, in 1837, in Bentley's "Standard Library," we are assured by a good judge that "no single volume of fiction of modern production contains more sarcastic or witty dialogue, or more admirable sketches of eccentric and ludicrous characters." The first two, "Headlong Hall" and "Nightmare Abbey," were republished some fifteen years or so ago by Messrs. Wiley & Putnam in their "Library of Choice Reading," which bore the quaint motto of Lamb, "Books which are books." Mr. Peacock's later productions were "Melin-court" and "Gryll Grange;" the latter, we believe, was published in "Fraser's Magazine." Of his private life we know nothing, though we are told that he was the friend and collaborator of Bentham, and Mill, and Grote. He was the father-in-law of Mr. George Meredith, the poet and

novelist, whose latest story, "Vittoria," is now in course of publication in the "Fortnightly Review."

While on this subject we may mention that Mr. Peacock wrote several papers in "Fraser" about Shelley and his relations with his first wife, Harriet Westbrooke, the statements in which are controverted by Mr. Richard Garnett, the editor of "Relics of Shelley." The controversy is too complicated to be entered upon here, but Mr. Peacock's share in it may be stated to have been a belief, which he endeavored to prove, that Shelley was not blameless in the matter, an opinion which his warmest admirers may safely admit, remembering his wild and unsettled condition at the time. Speaking of Shelley in one of his papers, Mr. Peacock says: "I saw Shelley for the first time in 1812, just before he went to Tanyralt. I saw him again once or twice before I went to North Wales, in 1813. On my return he was residing at Bracknell, and invited me to visit him. This I did." How Mr. Peacock appeared to the friends of the Shelleys at this time may be gathered from a letter which one of them wrote to Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg: "They have made an addition to their party in the person of a cold scholar, who, I think, has neither taste nor feeling. This Shelley will perceive sooner or later, for his warm nature craves sympathy, and I am convinced he will not meet it in his new acquaintance." And Shelley himself wrote to Mr. Hogg: "A new acquaintance is on a visit with us this winter. He is a very mild, agreeable man, and a good scholar. His enthusiasm is not ardent, nor his views very comprehensive; but he is neither superstitious, ill-tempered, dogmatical, nor proud." Not to take part in the Shelley-Peacock imbroglio, which, we must confess, we do not fully understand, we will close for this week with two or three fragments of Shelley's, not yet included in the standard editions of his works:

"Follow to the deep wood's weeds,
Follow to the wild briar dingle,
Where we sink to intermingle,
And the violet tells her tale
To the odor-mingled gale,
For they too have enough to do
Of such work as I and you."

1819.

"At the creation of the earth
Pleasure, that divinest birth,
From the soil of heaven did rise
Wrapt in sweet wild melodies—
Like an exhalation wreathing
To the sound of air low-breathing
Through Aeolian pines, which make
A shade and shelter to the lake,
Whence it rises soft and slow;
Then life-breathing [limbs] did flow
In the harmony divine
Of an ever lengthening line
Which enwrapt her perfect form
With a beauty clear and warm."

1819.

"Is it that in some brighter sphere
We part with friends we meet with here?
Or do we see the Future pass
O'er the Present's dusky glass?
Or what is that which makes us seem
To patch up the fragments of a dream,
Part of which comes true, and part
Beats and trembles in the heart?"

1819.

"OUR OWN CASUAL" of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose narrative of "A Night in the Workhouse" has been read, by this time, wherever the English language has penetrated, has had the honor of having his adventures on that memorable occasion turned into doggerel verse, in the shape of a threepenny ballad, each stanza of which—there are thirty-four in all—ends with the ominous word "workhouse." The bath in which he indulged is thus described:

"The water looked like mutton broth;
A nasty smell came issuing forth;
But luckily a cleanly cloth
They lent me in the workhouse."

As a set-off to the present rage for translating Greek into the languages of modern Europe, the Athenians are translating modern dramas into Greek, the latest instance being that of Goethe's "Clavigo," which was played in that language, at Athens, by the students of the university.

THE last portion of Bunsen's great work, "Bible Work for the Congregation," has just been published at Leipzig.

PROF. EWALD'S work on Hebrew poetry, of which a second edition has recently appeared, has undergone such alterations as to be almost a new work.

EIGHTY-THREE recently-discovered letters of Beethoven to the Archduke Rudolph, of Austria, cardinal archbishop of Olmutz, have just been published, and they shed a melancholy light on the life of the great composer, which

appears to have been full of embarrassments, pecuniary and otherwise.

An edition of the popular ballads of Germany of the middle ages is now under way, the cost being defrayed by the munificence of the kings of Bavaria. It is said to be of considerable value in an historical and philological point of view; the poetry, however, is rather dreary.

MR. HENRY KENDALL, an Australian poet, is the writer of the following song, which is considerably above the average of fugitive verse:

SONG OF THE CATTLE-HUNTERS.

While the morning light beams on the fern-matted streams,
And the water-pools flash in its glow,
Down the ridges we fly, with a loud ringing cry—
Down the ridges and gullies we go!
And the cattle we hunt they are racing in front,
With a roar like the thunder of waves;
As the beat and the beat of our swift horses' feet
Start the echoes away from their caves!
As the beat and the beat
Of our swift horses' feet
Start the echoes away from their caves!

Like a wintry shore that the waters ride o'er,
All the lowlands are filling with sound,
For swiftly we gain where the herds on the plain,
Like a tempest, are tearing the ground!
And we'll follow them hard to the rails of the yard,
O'er the gulches and mountain-tops gray,
Where the beat and the beat of our swift horses' feet
Will die with the echoes away!
Where the beat and the beat
Of our swift horses' feet
Will die with the echoes away!

SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON is not generally known as a writer of verse, yet the following sonnet of his, on Shakespeare, is one of the best of the multitude of minor tributes to the "myriad-minded" poet:

"Who says that Shakespeare did not know his lot,
But deem'd that in Time's manifold decay
His memory should die and pass away,
And that within the shrine of human thought
To him no altar should be reared? O hush!
O vail thyself awhile in solemn awe!
Nor dream that all man's mighty spirit-law
Thou know'st; how all the hidden fountains gush
Of the soul's silent prophesying power.
For as deep Love, 'mid all its wayward pain,
Cannot believe but it is loved again,
Even so, strong Genius, with its ample dower
Of a world-grasping love, from that deep feeling
Wins of its own wide sway the clear revealing."

THE story of Alexander the Great, and the shape it has assumed in Oriental imaginations, is the subject of an interesting tract by Herr Vogelstein, written in Latin, and published at Breslau.

MR. CHARLES WELLS, member of the Royal Asiatic Society, has recently published a collection of Eastern translations, named after the principal tale, "Mehemet the Kurd," a translation from an Arabic MS. never before made known to the English public, and as rich, in its way, as the "Arabian Nights." The shorter tales, which are mostly of Turkish origin, are strikingly characteristic and humorous. A novel feature in his volume is a collection of Eastern poems, which are not rendered, as is generally the case, in prose paraphrases, but in verse, which, while reflecting all the extravagant metaphors and the gorgeous style of the originals, are fit to take their place in English literature. An essay on Oriental poetry, which contains a good deal of rare information, adds to the interest and value of his volume.

MR. JOHN RUTTER CHORLEY has lately published a volume of verse, entitled "The Wife's Litany," which contains a prayer to the Virgin beginning thus:

"Thou that once on earth didst weep!
By a broken heart's complaint,
And a pain that poisons sleep,
Mary, Mother, Queen and Saint,
Hear me, for my wound is deep!
Aid me, for my soul is faint!

"Bid the darkness come and seal
Burning eyes that will not close;
Let me cease awhile to feel;
And the pangs of many woes,
And the heart thou mayst not heal,
Gentle Mother, bid repose!"

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S new volume of poems, "London Idyls," which is now in the press, will consist, it is said, principally of monologues, forming psychological studies of a somewhat unusual kind. "The Murder Idyl," for instance, is spoken by a woman whose husband has been hanged; "The Ballad Maker" is a writer of street songs vainly endeavoring to express his feelings; and "The Rev. Mr. Honeydew," whose name recalls Thackeray's Charles Honeyman, is, like that scented humbug, a fashionable preacher. Besides these poems, and others of the same sort, as the "London Idyl" itself, originally published in the "Fortnightly Review," and "The Model," published in the "Argosy," the volume will contain a modern poem of considerable length, a number of

lyrics, and several north-coast idyls. We hope it will do justice to Mr. Buchanan's genius, which is a charming one, though a little too facile and impressionable. Our present fear of him is that, writing easily, he is making himself too marketable.

PERSONAL.

MR. WHITTIER'S idyllic poem, "Snow-Bound," is now in its tenth thousand.

MR. GEORGE BANCROFT is about to publish the ninth volume of his well-known history, which has been for some time announced. It will speedily be followed by two more volumes, which will complete his original design, and bring the narrative to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States.

BROOME STREET seems, just now, to be the center towards which booksellers and publishers are tending. Among those who contemplate locating there the present spring are, Messrs. Leybold & Holt, Dick & Fitzgerald, Schermerhorn, Bancroft & Co.; also, Mr. J. W. Bouton, John Bradburn, George Routledge, H. B. Durand, Ivison & Phinney, O. S. Felt, and, it is rumored, D. Appleton & Co. Messrs. Leybold & Holt will occupy the corner store No. 451 Broome street; Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald the premises nearly opposite Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's.

MESSRS. A. S. BARNES & Co., publishers and booksellers, will remove May 1 to 111 and 113 William Street, corner of John.

MR. GEO. APPLETON, of the firm of D. Appleton & Co., sailed for Europe a few days since, and Mr. Joseph Harper, of Harper Brothers, for Cuba.

M. I. M. DARGAUD, who began life as M. Lamartine's secretary, and to whom the latter dedicated several of his poems, died recently at the age of sixty-five. His first work, in some sense a novel, was called "Solitudes"; it was followed by a translation of the "Psalms" and the "Song of Solomon." Turning his attention to historical writing, he produced a "History of Mary, Queen of Scots" and a "History of Religious Liberty in France." He was also the author of "Travels in the Alps" and "Travels in Denmark." His latest work was a "History of Queen Elizabeth."

M. MICHELET has been spending the winter at the Iles d'Hyères, where he finished a new volume of his "History of France."

M. LOUIS DESNOYERS'S novel, "Les Avantures de Jean Paul Choppard," has had an immense success, having reached, it is said, the one hundred and seventy-eighth edition.

MADAME GEORGE SAND, who was announced to lecture in Paris, backed out at the last moment, excusing herself on the ground of excessive timidity, in the following note:

"Sir, you tore from me a promise which I am unable to fulfill. You, and the eminent writers who seconded you, were persuasive, kind, indulgent, irresistible; but I presumed too much on my strength in the face of a duty to be performed. There are, too, duties owed to the public. It should not be enticed with an attraction which one feels one is incapable of giving it. You would feel regret at having assembled it to exhibit a timid and awkward person who could not open her lips. My children and my friends jumped up at the advertisement of a lecture by me. They oppose it every way in their power. They know that under no circumstances have I been able to surmount my embarrassment, my absolute distrust of myself. Ask me to do anything provided I shall not appear in person. I pray you and the members of the committee who honored me with their visit to believe that I cannot console myself for my want of power and my retreat except by recollection of the kindness you showed me, and the gratitude with which they have filled me."

"GEORGE SAND."

M. CHAMPFLEURY is about to publish a book on cats, of which "harmless necessary" animal he is very fond.

M. DUMAS, who was not successful as a lecturer, is writing in *La Patrie* an account of his travels in Austria and Hungary.

M. MICHELET has a new work in the press, entitled "The Working Girl."

M. PAUL FEVAL is engaged upon a mammoth novel, "Rue de Jerusalem," the locality in question being the police headquarters of Paris.

The paragraphists are never tired of scribbling items about M. Victor Hugo. The latest, which made him blind, or nearly so, he thus contradicts:

"You have heard, perhaps, that my eyes were very sore; some newspapers have gone so far as to make me blind, an Homeric honor to which I do not pretend. I have read, in some English newspapers, authentic particulars of my complete blindness; I was comforted by knowing I read what they said. This ophthalmia—

which was for a moment very acute, very painful, and quite unfortunate—will explain my long silence to you. At present I have entirely recovered my right to read and write."

M. PONSARD had his hiding-place in an obscure seat in a private box revealed to the audience during the first performance of a new play of his, by the kisses which his wife showered upon him when the applause of the house decided that he was successful. The audience was one of the most brilliant ever assembled in Paris, containing the Emperor, the Empress, a score of princes, princesses, counts and countesses, twenty members of the Jockey Club, the two Dumas, Jules Janin, Theophile Gautier, Nisard, Emile Angier, and the greater part of the French Academy.

THE supposed original detective of Poe's story, "The Stolen Letter," M. Gisquet, died lately in Paris. He was for many years chief of the Parisian police, and was remembered by his recovery of the medals and coins carried off from the National Library. He was also concerned in the suppression of the disciples of St. Simon and the prosecution of Fieschi.

MR. J. M. LUDLOW, who furnished for "Good Words" a sketch of the life of President Lincoln, has made additions and alterations to that paper and published it under the title of "President Lincoln Self-portrayed."

MADAME DORA D'ISTRIA has been nominated a member of the Imperial Geographical Society in place of the late Ida Pfleiffer, her "Studies on Roumelia and Morea" entitling her to this distinction.

MR. EDMUND YATES'S novel, "Broken to Harness," is being translated into French for the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

MR. R. H. HUTTON, of the *Spectator*, and not, as was rumored, Mr. T. F. Palgrave, is the writer of "Studies in Parliament: A Series of Sketches of Living Politicians," which have just been reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE proposal of Mr. Henry Yates Thompson for the endowment of an American lectureship at Cambridge, England, meets the warm approbation of Prof. Kingsley, the professor of modern history at the same place, who has published his views regarding it to the following effect:

"I trust that it will not be considered as impertinent if I, as professor of modern history, address a few words on this matter to the masters of arts in this university. My own wish is, that the proposal be accepted as frankly as it has been made. Harvard University—an offshoot, practically, of our own university—is a body so distinguished, that any proposition coming from it deserves our most respectful consideration; and an offer of this kind, on their part, is to be looked on as a very graceful compliment. The objections are obvious; but, after looking them through fairly as they suggested themselves to me, I must say that they are fully met by Mr. Thompson's own conditions, by the vice-chancellor's vote, and by the clause empowering either university to put an end to the lectureship when they like. But they are best met by the character of Harvard University itself. Its rulers, learned and high-minded gentlemen, painfully aware of our general ignorance about them, and honorably anxious to prove themselves (what they are) our equals in civilization, will take care to send us the very best man whom they can find. And more than one person suggests himself to my mind whom, if they choose (as they would be very likely to choose), I would gladly welcome as my own instructor in the history of his country. When I did myself the honor of lecturing in this university on the history of the United States I became painfully aware how little was known, and how little then could be known, on the subject. This great want has been since supplied by a large addition to the university library of American literature. I think it most important that it should be still further removed by the residence among us of an American gentleman."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, publisher, announces a new work on engineering applied to paddle and screw propulsion, by N. P. Burgh, engineer, to be published in fifteen monthly parts.

MESSRS. MOHUN & EBNS will have ready this week twenty-three distinct illustrated works by Gustave Doré.

AMONG the evidences of healthy recuperation in the South, we notice the announcement of a semi-monthly periodical to be published at Montgomery, Ala., and to be entitled "Our Friend." It is designed chiefly for youth, and will contain select passages from the best authors, "original or translated," anecdotes of eminent personages, and other matter calculated to foster a love for "the great, the good, and the beautiful." It will not aim "to educate," but to awaken a thirst for knowledge.

A SECOND literary enterprise is announced in the form of a monthly magazine, "The Land we Love." It will be published at Charlotte, N. C., and will be devoted to literature, agriculture, and general intelligence, not for

getting the late war, of which it will contain battle-reports, incidents, and anecdotes never before published, by General D. H. Hill, late of the Confederate army. It is proposed to make it the size of "Blackwood's Magazine," the price to be three dollars a year.

SIR SAMUEL MORTON PETO, with whom as an English capitalist the American public is pretty well acquainted, has a work in the press entitled "The Prospects and Resources of America."

THE REV. G. H. PLUMTRE, M.A., has nearly ready a volume of poems entitled "Master and Scholar."

D R A M A .

EDWIN BOOTH'S RICHELIEU.

THE five-act play of "Richelieu" is still running triumphantly at Winter Garden. Its success this season was due rather to a combination of excellencies than to any single one. The drama, so far as elaboration is concerned, may perhaps be regarded as Bulwer's masterpiece in that direction; more thoughtful than his "Lady of Lyons," or his "Money," or the luckless "Sea Captain"; and though its even tenor be less effective than the story of "Claude Melotte," it is carefully written. If there were nothing *ad captandum* in "Richelieu" the play would not be Bulwer's. But the catch-penny—or, rather, catch-plaudits—writing is much subdued by an obvious anxiety to bring out grandly and sharply the figure of the cardinal and a picture of his century.

Of course, the central attraction, above scenery or supports of any kind, human or mechanical, is Edwin Booth himself—who, in a word, we account immeasurably the first of American tragedians; the second, whoever he may be, approaching after a long interval. Accordingly, in adding that Mr. Booth's *Richelieu* stands in the front rank of his dramatic impersonations, the status of this performance is easily fixed. The first great question in a historical representation like the present is with regard to the vraisemblance, the consistency, and fidelity of the "counterfeit presentment." Mr. Booth's stage presence and method of acting would assure one *d priori* of his adaptability to the part of *Cardinal Richelieu*. The pacific and nonchalant style of much of his playing is well suited to a drama whose leading scenes are all in court and castle, not in tented field. His pensive and melancholy face finds a sympathy with many of the cardinal's sad general reflections upon men and fortune, a fitness hardly less remarkable than that of the rôle of the Prince of Denmark. The description of Richelieu which Alfred de Vigny's novel (to which Bulwer's play is so much indebted) gives, we will thus literally translate for the entertainment of the reader:

"He had a broad forehead and a few white hairs, eyes large and soft, a face pale and languid, to which a little beard, white and pointed, gave that air of flounce which is noticeable in all the portraits of the centre of Louis XIII. A mouth almost without lips, and we must confess that Doctor Lavater regards this sign as indicating an unquestionable malignity [*méchanceté*], the origin admits no translation]; a pinched mouth, we say, was surrounded by a pair of small gray mustaches, and a *royale*, an ornament then in fashion and somewhat resembling a comma, in shape. This old man had on his head a red skull-cap and was enveloped in a voluminous dressing-gown, wore purple silk stockings, and was none other than Armand Duplessis, Cardinal de Richelieu."

This historic portraiture of the cardinal-duke is closely followed by Booth. Bulwer's *Richelieu* is a vastly different man from the Armand Duplessis who ruled France and reigned over Louis XIII. Booth very properly follows the dramatic rather than the historic *Richelieu*. The real *Richelieu* was cruel, as Rochelle for ever testifies; Booth's *Richelieu* is never even vindictive, is always just:

"Not so; my art was Justice! Force and fraud
Misname it cruelty."

Richelieu was habitually hard, imperious, unfeeling; Booth so frequently throws into his rich and mellow voice the most pathetic tenderness as to convince the hearer, despite himself, that tenderness was *Richelieu's* nature, and hardness was assumed for purposes of statecraft. All the scenes with *Julie*, and the kindly "There is my young hero" to *François*, with which the cardinal pats the discouraged youth's head, show what we mean. So do many of *Richelieu's* rhapsodies over France; his "Even I loved once;" and especially that parental and priestly blessing on *Julie* and *De Mauprat*, which our young actor's melodious elocution renders so touching:

"For ye are mine—mine both: and in your secret
And young delight, your love—life's first-born glory—
My own lost youth breathes musical!"

The true cardinal, to resume, was vindictive, revengeful, and malignant. The mimic cardinal appears rather like a naturally benevolent man of the world, whom position and distrust of human nature will not suffer to give way to his impulses. We see little of his disposition to sanctify means by the end. And, to be brief, Booth's *Richelieu*, though preserving all leading features, is by no means a counterfeit of the cardinal of history;

or, if that be thought too severe a standard, even of such historic romances as Count de Vigny's "Cinq-Mars," or the "Trois Mousquetaires" of Dumas. The difference is due not to absolute omission in the play of any of *Richelieu's* traits, but to so slight a rendering of some features and so elaborate a depicting of others, as to obliterate the former in the general impression. Thus, *Richelieu's* literary vanity is only so slightly touched as to avoid censure for total omission, and would hardly be noticed but for poor *Joseph's* describing the listening to his patron's verses as "worse than the scourge." Booth finds nothing desirable in this feature of the first act, and, accordingly, makes less of it than even Bulwer, for he cuts his author's few lines to fewer in the representation. A similar criticism could be made upon the rather unexpressive and indistinct relations of *Richelieu* and *Marion de Lorme* in the second act.

Booth, however, properly follows and presents the character the playwright furnishes to him. Bulwer, by sacrificing certain points and manipulating others, has given us a dramatic character far more comprehensible, and one with whom we have far more sympathy, than the actual *Duc de Richelieu*. For example, to have introduced more of such of *Richelieu's* foibles as his literary vanity would have confused the image and weakened the creation. And, besides, the dramatist has a time-honored privilege to mold his historic characters, as, despite our natural incredulity, the *Richard* of Shakespeare, that "crook-backed tyrant," was a far less amiable person, probably, than the veritable *Gloster*. Mr. Booth has always been conspicuously happy in the expression of that general class of dialogue which sometimes consists of playful badinage or courteous "chafing," sometimes proceeds to half-suppressed irony, and sometimes does not stop at bitter sarcasm—usually deceiving the interlocutor on the stage, but not the audience, to whom the double meaning is plain. Booth, we say, is peculiarly fitted to express the well-known ironical humor—sounding all the gamut from gay to sardonic—which formed so marked a trait of Louis's prime minister. Add to this the craft and subtlety of the shrewd old cardinal, the astuteness with which he lays his plans, the adroitness of his conversations with both friend and foe, and one great part of the portrait begins to be drawn. All this Booth does exceedingly well. Witness, for example, his scenes with *Julie* and with *De Mauprat* in the first act, a few touches at the end of the fifth, and with *Joseph* all the way through. The scene with the would-be *Bishop Joseph*, at the end of the second act, and the passage in which *Richelieu* kindly informs his monastic confidant, in the first act, that he "did omit an ave" in his matins, and requests that unhappy Capuchin to atone for him the grievous fault, are finely rendered. If there be a fault, it is on the side of elaboration.

The first act goes off rather tamely. On seeing it for the first time one is so well occupied in the grand scenes, in the stage details, and with Booth's by-play as not to notice this point. But on becoming more familiar with the minor points a certain sluggishness of acting is perceptible. This is partly due to an intentional deliberation, so that "the meanest capacity" in the audience may comprehend what is going on; partly to the frequent repetitions of the piece; but chiefly to Booth's commendable desire to reserve his forces. At all events, his long speeches are a little too deliberate—deliberate even to monotony. It is so even in the scene with *De Mauprat*, which might be made brisker. The second act opens with the same characteristic of almost over-elaborate, almost too deliberate elocution. The fact does not appear clear, however, to us, until Booth's rapid message to *François*, which acts like a magnetic shock upon his audience by its contrast with the previous tardiness of delivery.

Booth's fine presence, spirit, and real character admirably adapt him to express the "knightly soul" of the warrior cardinal. And one of his most forcible passages is in the second act:

"Old—childless—friendless—broken—all forsake—
All—all—but
Jos.—What?
Rich.—The indomitable heart
Of Armand Richelieu."

His rich and musical voice gives special unction (almost fatally so, as we have said, for historical accuracy) to the sad and tender passages, and especially to the impressive soliloquy with which the third act opens. There is a study for elocutionists in his deep-voiced utterance of—

"How heavy is the air! the vestal lamp
Of the sad moon, weary with vigil, dies
In the still temple of the solemn heaven!
The very darkness lends itself to fear."

There is great discrepancy, nevertheless, between the trembling and uncertain steps of the old man, who always totters when he walks, and the firm, sonorous voice, cavernous and resonant, telling of youth or early manhood which he has within him. This incongruity preserves us

one of Booth's best points, however, and we must not complain. In the fifth act the cardinal's weakness (partly real and partly fanciful) compels the resort to the "childish treble" of age, and then the previous absence of it becomes noticeable.

Our space is exhausted, and not a third of the passages scored for comment are touched. It may be added in one word, however, that *all* the popular passages receive special attention. In *Hamlet* Booth sometimes slight traditional "points," and makes them in places which other actors pass. Here we have the cheap commonplace:

"Bah! the mate for beauty
Should be a man and not a money-chest!"

the "sword scene," the aphorism of "the pen is mightier than the sword," the "no such word as fail," and the threatened anathema, all carefully and fully rendered. In this last the gestures and splendid position of Booth are more effective to our mind than his violently-explosive words.

A R T .

MR. KELLOGG'S "AFTER THE BATH."

THE Derby gallery has a new attraction in the shape of a somewhat pretentious picture entitled "The Oriental Princess; or, After the Bath." Mr. Miner R. Kellogg, of Baltimore, is the artist. He brings his work to this city after a brief exhibition in Baltimore, and, as it is likely to be before the public for some time, we will briefly give our own impressions of its merits and demerits. The painting was begun in Florence more than ten years ago, and was intended to represent the peculiar languid beauty of an oriental princess. Hence, we have as the central figure of the picture a young woman resting on a luxurious divan just after the soothing influences of the Turkish bath. She has thrown herself carelessly upon the rich tapestry, and, with head reclining upon her arm, has fallen asleep. Her attendant sits at her feet, while a third figure appears at the door bearing refreshment for her mistress. The attendant lifts her hand and beckons the servant to stay her steps, lest she may waken the sleeping princess. All the rich concomitants of a Turkish bath-room are detailed with great exactness. Of course the main figure is represented in a state of nudity, that oriental beauty may lose no advantage by the concealment of physical development.

The most apparent merit of this picture is the skillful delineation of tapestry and cushions, and especially the dressing-gown and head-dress of the attendant. In fact, the second figure in the painting is first in point of correctness and beauty. The princess is not remarkably well done. Artists will understand the difficulty of representing a foreshortened form as sleeping, but, with all due allowances for this, there is a something about the figure of the princess which strikes one as unnatural. There is a fullness about the right side that one cannot explain. Nor is the color such as we imagine to be the result of oriental climate. The prettiest part of the figure is the head resting upon the arm. As a whole, it does not compare with the voluptuous "Venus" of Page, but will attract attention for its oddity and rich coloring. There is evidence of thorough work in every part, and the picture will doubtless be a marked feature in any collection for which it may be procured.

THOSE who are interested in art will be pleased to learn that Messrs. Miner & Somerville, proprietors of the Somerville Art Gallery, have purchased the property of the late Myndert Van Schaick, southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. The present building, forty-five feet front by fifty feet deep, and four stories in height, will be exclusively devoted to artistic purposes, comprising artists' studios and a gallery for the private exhibition of pictures and sculpture. In the rear of this the proprietors will erect a new building, forty-five by sixty feet. This new building is to be devoted to the purposes of an art gallery and an art library. The gallery and library will be free to all, and will doubtless become a popular sort for our art-loving citizens.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.—*Stories Told to a Child.* By Jean Ingelow. 1866. Pp. 424.

Hudibras: a Poem. By Samuel Butler. 1866. Pp. 410.

Melancholy Anatomized. 1866. Pp. 292.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—*False Pride; or, Two Ways to Matrimony.* 1866. Pp. 265.

ASHMEAD & EVANS, Philadelphia.—*Life of Robert Owen.* 1866.

Pp. 264.

The Dove's Nest and Benny Averet. By E. L. Llewellyn. 1866. Pp. 90.

CARLTON & PORTER, New York.—*The Women of Methodism.* By Abel Stevens, LL.D. 1866. Pp. 394.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York.—*While they are with us.* 1866. Pp. 144.

Wee Davie. By Norman Macleod, D.D. 1866. Pp. 86.

The Titles, Attributes, Work, and Claims of the Holy Spirit, according to the Scripture. 1866. Pp. 64.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1866.

A FRESH supply of ROUND TABLE files has been received at this office. They are made from a new patent, and are a great convenience to those who would read the paper with comfort and preserve the copies for binding. They can be sent by mail or express.

THE POSITION OF THE POPE.

HIS Holiness Pio Nono is just now in an exceedingly uncomfortable situation. He has been coerced by Prussia into making an appointment that did not please him. He has been insulted by Russia. The French army of occupation is to leave him alone next January, and his finances are on the verge of bankruptcy, so that he could not pay any new soldiers were he to get them. What can he do? Report says that the Queen has offered him an asylum in England, and Napoleon would be only too glad to get him to France; but he could not take the first offer and would not accept the second. Austria and Spain have their hands too full to care for his support. There is really nothing for him to do but to come to America and take a palace in Union Square, where he can carry on a temporal government as long as he likes, amid the adoration of thousands of good Catholics and with the acquiescence of everybody else.

We will explain a few of his perplexities. The see of Cologne had been vacant for about two years because the chapter, the King of Prussia, and the Pope had never been able to agree on any candidate. Monsignor Hohenlohe, who was the royal candidate, was displeasing to the Jesuits who managed the Pope. The chapter several times presented names, none of which the King could approve. Finally the King agreed to accept a compromise candidate, and the distinguished Benedictine Abbot Haneberg was selected. The Jesuits, however, wished to bring in a man of their own, and so the Papal nuncio in Munich, in the Pope's name, requested the abbot to declare that he would not be bishop, and he was compelled, much against his will, to do so. But the King would not regard the Pope's Jesuit candidate, and so matters went on in the same see-saw way till Count Bismarck resolved to cut the knot. The Pope was informed, in language to which he was entirely unaccustomed, that Prussia would no longer be trifled with; that unless the Pope confirmed the Bishop of Osnabrück, Prussia would take the matter into her own hands, and break off entirely all relations with the Holy See. This frightened Cardinal Antonelli. The Pope was furious, and, by the advice of Cardinal Reischach, he called a congregation *ad hoc*; but they, when they saw the gravity of the occasion, referred all to the Pope. Antonelli now used all his arts and succeeded in working on the Pope's mind. In a few days he begged the Prussian note to be withdrawn, asked for complete silence, and promised to comply. An extraordinary consistory was convened on the 8th of January, and the Bishop of Osnabrück was confirmed as archbishop of Cologne, and Count Bismarck gained such a victory as few statesmen have ever done over the determination of the Vatican.

The Pope had not gotten over his anger at this affair when another diplomatic event made him still more furious. Mr. Meyendorff, the Russian minister, was having a personal interview with him on Polish affairs, when, in urging him not to listen to the representations of the Polish clergy, he said that His Holiness was not infallible, and had even regretted some former mistakes that he had made, and said something about Catholicism in Poland being synonymous with revolution. The Pope angrily commanded him to withdraw, saying that he would not be insulted in his own house. He was eager to send him his passports, but Cardinal Antonelli

somewhat pacified him by telling him that the Russian Emperor would doubtless disavow and recall his minister, and that he would invoke the good offices of Austria in the matter, warning him what complications might result from such a display of anger. The Pope followed his advice; but, unexpectedly and most unfortunately for Antonelli, the Russian government fully approved of what its minister had said, and ordered him, with contemptuous language towards the Pope, immediately to break off all diplomatic relations with Rome, and, as a further mark of insult, to remain in the city from which his recall had been demanded as a kind of unofficial *chargé d'affaires*. The Emperor has since bestowed on Mr. Meyendorff large estates in Ruthenia. In connection with this a schism has been excited in Poland, many of the magnates of the church having been won over by Alexander, so that the church there is now independent of Rome. It is said that the Pope's anger knew no bounds at thus having followed advice which destroyed the apparent vantage he might have had in dismissing the Russian ambassador, and that the Holy Father has almost thrown himself into the arms of the Jesuits and Antonelli's enemies.

This storm against the cardinal secretary of state may prevent his carrying out a pet plan of his, and may ruin, irretrievably, the Roman state. The state is very deeply in debt—so much involved that unless it gets money somewhere it cannot possibly continue solvent longer than May. Loans have been asked from Lafitte and Erlanger, and even it is said from the Rothschilds, but have been refused. The Italian government has offered to pay the amount of the debt assessed upon the Pope's lost provinces, but he refuses to sell the patrimony of the church for money, though he would gladly accept the amount as a contribution or as Peter's Pence. Meanwhile the expenses of the government are as enormous as ever, and the debt goes on increasing every day. A confidential letter from the minister of finance to Cardinal Altieri, president of the Board of Finances, has, in some way, been published, in which he enjoins the strictest secrecy about the proposed loan, "because some suspicion has already arisen in the public mind of the great distress of our exchequer—a distress much in excess of all that is imagined." This letter shows on what a verge the papacy stands. Antonelli, therefore, has been negotiating, in his wily way for the acceptance of the Italian payment, and it is thought that many of these reports of loans have been started in order to impress upon the Pope's mind the necessity of getting money somewhere, and the difficulty of obtaining it anywhere else. Antonelli desires this, too, for another reason; his brother is governor of the Bank of Rome, and the financial crash of the state would also nearly destroy his private fortune, besides bringing to light a number of transactions that he would greatly prefer to keep secret. The Russian embarrassment, therefore, may checkmate his plans for the relief of the treasury and of his pocket.

Money must be had, because an army of volunteers is to be raised to take the place of the French troops and keep down the dear Roman subjects, who would insist on rising and overturning their beloved Pope. As the time for the evacuation draws near, the Pope and the Catholic powers are becoming uneasy. The Spanish government, in the Red-Book, declared its understanding of the Franco-Italian convention, that France would guarantee the support of the Pope, and that other troops should take the place of those withdrawn. General de la Marmora sent a dispatch to the Italian minister at Madrid, which he published at once, to the effect that in no way could the convention be thus interpreted; that the Pope had opportunity given him to raise a force of his own, and he had the Romans to fall back upon, and that Italy could not allow the occupation of Rome by any other foreign power. The French government rather favors this statement. The Spanish minister of foreign affairs has rejoined by insisting that the Pope must be sustained. But Spain has too much to do with her unlucky war against the South American republics, and her disaffection at home, to engage in any new dispute requiring men and money. Austria is endeavoring to settle her own domestic concerns and does not care to meddle. All looks like the speedy dissolution of the temporal power, though the Em-

peror Napoleon, from motives of policy, may in some way manage to bring about a continuance of the *status quo*. Next year the Pope may be spiritual primate with sole control over the Vatican only, under the protection of Victor Emanuel, or he may be a resident of Avignon, as his predecessors were centuries ago; or what, for our own sake, we sincerely hope he will not do—he may come to this country, as so many rulers have done before him, and be the head of a large and flourishing church.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

WE subjoin the draft of a copyright bill which has been sent forward to the committee having charge of the matter. The bill is one amending the former copyright law by striking out all that restricts its benefits to residents of the United States, and throwing its protection over authors of all countries who choose to republish their books here. All this is accomplished by the first section. The second section is inserted to protect the public. If the foreign author desires to receive a part of the gains of his book in this country he ought to publish it here at the same time that he does at home, or at most within a year after, when he is fully able to judge whether republication will pay. If he does not within this time choose to risk the republication, he ought not after the book has for a year been the property of the public to come in and prevent its publication by other persons. By depositing his title at once he has a full year's time in which to republish.

The third section is intended to limit the protection of the law to books hereafter published.

The final section is to aid in protecting the rights of American authors in foreign countries. Our object is, of course, to have justice done to all; but we see no reason why the benefits of copyright should not be reciprocal. By this section foreign authors are prevented from being protected here until American authors receive protection abroad.

It is not intended by this law to prevent the importation of foreign books. As long as the author is paid for his work, there is no reason why purchasers should be forced to take the American edition only, if they prefer to have the original English edition of a book, or even the Tauchnitz edition of British authors, which is copyrighted for Germany, and from which the author receives a revenue. We present this proposed bill to our readers in order to draw out their views by suggesting something definite that can be acted on. We do not by any means bind ourselves to support this bill without modification in its present form, if anything better is proposed.

We also desire to say that the success of the movement thus far has altogether exceeded our expectations. The interest in the matter has become national. Leading journals are taking up the discussion, and authors, throughout the country, are making known their active sympathy. Up to the present writing we have sent five memorials to Congress covering the names of authors and publishers in every part of the Union. Every mail brings us additional names, and altogether we think there was never so general a movement on behalf of any literary project. It would seem as though there could be little hesitancy about granting that which is so universally demanded. We trust the national Congress will find time to consider the matter fully and fairly, and, in view of the manifest interest, we shall be surprised and disappointed if it fails to concede this act of justice. The bill, as sent to the committee, is appended:

An act to amend an act entitled "An act to amend the several acts respecting copyrights," approved February third, eighteen hundred and thirty-one.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the act entitled "An act to amend the several acts respecting copyrights," approved February third, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, be and the same is hereby amended as hereinafter set forth, namely:

That Section 1 be amended by striking out the words "being a citizen or citizens of the United States or resident therein."

That Section 4 be amended by inserting after the words "shall reside" the words "or, if such author or proprietor be not a resident of the United States, in the clerk's office of the District Court of any district in the United

States;" and by inserting after the words "A. B., of the said district," the words "(or foreign country, as the case may be.)"

That Section 8 be amended by striking out the words "printing or publishing," and inserting after the words "jurisdiction thereof" the words "which has been copyrighted in any foreign country."

That Section 9 be amended by striking out the words "if such proprietor be a citizen of the United States or a resident therein."

SEC. 2.—And be it further enacted, That unless the title of the book, map, chart, musical composition, print, cut, or engraving by an author not a citizen of the United States or resident therein, for which it is intended to secure the copyright, be deposited in the clerk's office of the District Court, as provided by this act, simultaneously with the issue of the said book, map, chart, musical composition, print, cut, or engraving, in the country of which its said author is a citizen or subject, and an edition of said book, map, chart, musical composition, print, cut, or engraving, be printed and published in the United States within one year after so depositing the title thereof in the clerk's office of the District Court, the benefits of copyright hereby allowed shall not be enjoyed as to such book, map, chart, musical composition, print, cut, or engraving.

SEC. 3.—And be it further enacted, That nothing in this act shall authorize the entry and copyright of books, maps, charts, musical compositions, prints, cuts, or engravings that have been printed or published in any foreign country previous to the passage of this act.

SEC. 4.—And be it further enacted, That no book, map, chart, musical composition, print, cut, or engraving, the author of which is not a citizen of the United States or resident therein, shall be entered or copyrighted in accordance with the provisions of this act unless the nation or government of which said author is a citizen or subject shall confer upon citizens of the United States the same or equal privileges to those conferred by this act.

ABOUT YOUNG MEN.

TAKE care of the boys and the men will take care of themselves. But how are the boys to be taken care of? What is to be done for the more than one hundred thousand young men in this city between the ages of fifteen and thirty that they may not yield to the temptations which beset them at every step? Reformatory institutions there are in abundance, and benevolent institutions as well; but something besides these is required for the well-being of society. A consideration of the facts in the case will show the truth of this statement. There are in New York to-day, as we have stated, over a hundred thousand young men under thirty years of age, a large portion of whom are not natives of the city. Of the latter, the most came here from the country, attracted thither, no doubt, by the multifarious inducements which a large city ever holds out to those who live away from it; many others are foreigners. All these are without a home, and are obliged to support themselves. What are the allurements which vice presents to them can be known only by experience. It is all very well to talk of the power of principle, of the courage to say "no" which every person should acquire at as early an age as possible, and of a certain firmness of which we so often read in books and which is so rarely seen in real life; all this is very well, but there are circumstances under which few young men would bid the tempter get behind them. The boy who comes to this city to take a place in a mercantile house at a small salary is compelled to live in an humble manner. Board is so high that he cannot afford to room alone, still less to indulge in the luxury of a fire. At night he is at a loss how to spend his time. Books are beyond his means. Friends he has none, save a few boyish associates in business. Perchance he may have been asked to join in some benevolent enterprise, or told that he would be welcome at such and such a church; but the invitations have been extended in what he conceives to be a patronizing manner, and he proudly declines both. What wonder that as he strolls out of an evening he is attracted by the music and the warmth of some concert-saloon, and, mayhap, the inducements offered by a worse place, and contracts then and there habits which adhere to him through life! The marvel is not that so many are entrapped by such allurements, but that any escape them.

Nor are these temptations enticing to strangers

alone. There is a time in the life of almost every young man when the wholesome restraints of home seem irksome. Parents too often ignore this, and instead of striving to counteract this feeling by making home more attractive than any other place, make it less so by imposing restrictions, just enough in themselves, perhaps, but admirably calculated to effect just the opposite result from that which was intended. It is in this way that many parents have seen their sons sink lower and lower into dissipation, in spite of every effort to keep them from it.

A very striking statement of the case could be made, if it were possible, to offset the amount of money annually spent in this city to ruin young men by the amount expended to prevent them from yielding to temptation. That the result would be startling, we cannot doubt. The income returns for the last year furnish some idea of the money expended to allure young men from the path of rectitude, but great allowance must be made for frauds; in connection with these returns must be taken the report of the Police Commissioners, which contains some very important statistics. The grand total would reach many millions of dollars. And this for only one city in the Union! Were it possible to compute the amount of money invested in the United States in establishments whose influence is confessedly pernicious, we have no hesitation in declaring that it would far exceed the money expended for benevolent objects of all kinds at home and abroad.

The Young Men's Christian Association of this city was founded for the object of affording to young men such attractions as would restrain them from yielding to the temptations which beset them in the metropolis. Unfortunately, it fell into the hands of certain persons who introduced politics in a manner that could not but be offensive to many who would have been drawn to the association. Resolutions indorsing certain political sentiments, and denouncing others, together with those who advocated them, were forced upon the members until many were driven away, and more were repelled who otherwise might have lent the organization valuable aid. Recently, however, a change in the management has been effected. New men have taken hold of the enterprise, who, it is to be hoped, will avoid the errors of their predecessors. A circular has been issued by the directors which we cannot commend too highly. Instead of beating about the bush, as is so often the case with such appeals for support, facts are looked squarely in the face. Attention is called to the billiard-saloons, theaters, concert-saloons, gambling-hells, bar-rooms, and houses of prostitution and assignation that infest the city, with a boldness which, we trust, will be contagious. Everybody knows of their existence, and only a mawkish prudery will affect to ignore it. And it is our honest opinion that more good will be accomplished by fighting these evils openly than by all the indirect appeals against them that were ever uttered since the Dutch first colonized on Manhattan Island. It is encouraging, too, to note that the association realizes that something more is needed to accomplish its object than devotional meetings alone. Not but that they are desirable, but something is required besides. Men must be taken as they are, not as it might be wished that they were; and if it be found that what is evil offers more attractions than what is good, some means must be devised which, without the sacrifice of one iota of principle, shall reverse the situation of affairs.

The truth is, people are too prone to overlook the fact that there is much, nay, very much, that is very alluring to young men in the temptations which the city affords. No expense is spared to appeal to the senses. Rooms are furnished with everything that can please the eye; music is added to charm the ear; and that innate attraction toward the opposite sex is recognized by employing women as attendants whose demeanor insures outward attention though it awakens inward disgust. It is all very well to provide a good reading room and secure good speakers, but something more is needed to contend successfully with the attractions mentioned above. There should be music, and good music, too; and, if practicable, some means should be devised for bringing young men who come here as strangers into the society of women. Vice must be fought with its own weapons.

That this is practicable we do believe. To say that it is not, is to confess that wrong is mightier than right, that vice is stronger than virtue, that evil is the superior of good. And any man or any company of men that would accomplish any lasting benefit for the young men of this or any other city must look this fact squarely in the face.

A NEW OPENING FOR ENTERPRISE.

POOR young men in search of an easy, profitable, and perfectly safe occupation would do well to turn their attention to the new and thriving business of robbing banks, and purloining tin boxes full of government securities. The inducements to enter into this new employment are very great. It requires no capital; Wall Street is full of boxes such as we describe, which, as recent occurrences show, can be picked up almost anywhere on the "street." There is no danger of pursuit by the police until a heavy reward is offered, which it takes time to issue, and then, if you are caught within a week, the matter is invariably settled by a compromise in which, if you (the thief) are smart, you can divide a third or a half with the police, and give the rest back to the rightful owners. If before arrest you can negotiate some of the bonds, the law helps you, for the government recognizes only the actual holder of the security. The Concord Bank robbery is a case in point, and we recur to it simply to allay the fears of young would-be thieves. That affair is thus given in a Boston paper:

"After months of search, baffled more than once by disclosures of unfaithful detectives which the burglar's booty enabled him to pay for, the robber was entrapped and captured. He had buried the bonds; a little digging did not find them; justice bargained with crime; the burglar was assured that he should not be prosecuted, that his feelings should not be lacerated even by the publication of his name; and, in turn, he accompanied the officers to his house and pointed out the hiding-place of a part of the plunder. By an inadvertence, deeply regretted and doubtless humbly apologized for, the rascal's name crept into print; but the other part of the bargain was faithfully kept, and the robber is as free to-day as when the burglary was committed, traveling between New York and Boston, and perhaps planning new raids upon the coffers of other banks."

This is only one of many cases of a similar character. The robber, in this instance, netted about \$87,000, though doubtless some of the money went into the pockets of his friends in the New York detective force, who saved him from arrest several times. He would not have been arrested at all had not the Boston police fallen out with their New York associates, after the bad faith of the latter, and worked up the case on their own account. At least such is the statement of the Boston detectives, as related by the press of that city.

It is easy to foretell what will occur in the matter of the recent robbery of one million and a half of government securities in Wall street. After a long chase an arrest will be made, the papers will be filled with eulogies of the skill of the detectives, a compromise will then be effected, the thief or thieves will be let go upon giving up two-thirds of their plunder, and will retire to Europe with a cool half million.

Proudhon said "property was robbery." These new reformers purpose to equalize human conditions by getting rid of property by robbery. So we go.

A most mischievous report has gained currency in private circles to the effect that General Grant and the party with him were unduly hilarious on the day that Colonel Bowers was killed on the Hudson River Railroad. This is of a piece with the story that President Johnson was not sober when he made a public speech at Washington on the 22d of February last. The latter report was contradicted at once, and we hope that the other will be as promptly and as effectually silenced. We have fallen upon sad times, indeed, if the reputation of every public man is at the mercy of any scandal-monger who may be disposed to rob another of what he does not possess himself—to wit, a good name. Happily, the fame of General Grant is beyond the reach of any such slander, and the confidence which his countrymen so justly repose in him is not to be shaken by mere reports that form the stock in trade of gossips who, lacking reputation of their own, are ever on the alert to ruin that of others.

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

A. S. BARNES & CO.

I.

ALBERT S. BARNES, the founder of this house, was born January 17, 1817, in the city of New Haven, Conn. When he was but ten years old, the family was left, by the death of his father, in circumstances which obliged him to seek employment in order to secure a support. He went to live with an uncle, in the city of Hartford, and remained with him until he was fifteen years of age, when, through the kindness of a friend, he obtained a situation as clerk in the publishing house of D. F. Robinson & Co., of that city. This firm, at that time publishers of Olney's "School Geographies," Comstock's "Natural Philosophy," "Chemistry," etc., were afterwards known as Robinson, Pratt & Co., in the city of New York. In 1838, just as he had attained his majority, Mr. Barnes made the acquaintance of Prof. Charles E. Davies, long known as professor of the West Point United States Military Academy. The professor soon made a proposal to young Barnes to form a partnership for the purpose of publishing and disseminating his mathematical works. Accordingly, they commenced business in a little office (16 by 20 feet) in Pearl Street, Hartford, under the style of A. S. Barnes & Co., and with the following list of books as the basis of their enterprise, viz.: Davies's "School Arithmetic," "Legendre's Geometry," "Elements of Surveying," "Descriptive Geometry," "Elements of Calculus," "Analytical Geometry," and "Shades, Shadows, and Linear Perspective." The original edition of the first-named book, the "Arithmetic," was published by N. & J. White, in New York, in 1833; and the other works by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, who published them from 1826 to 1833. From 1833 to 1838 they were published by John Wiley, of New York, Prof. Davies retaining the stereotype plates and the right of publication. The first book prepared by him was the "Descriptive Geometry," in 1826, for the use of his pupils at West Point, which was speedily followed by the "Shades, Shadows, and Linear Perspective." Next came his American edition of the two great French works, "Legendre's Geometry" and "Bourdon's Algebra," which are still the standard text-books in many of our best institutions. In 1837 and 1838 appeared the first edition of his "Analytical Geometry," "Surveying," and "Calculus."

With this excellent series of publications the young house commenced its career, Mr. Barnes spending the first two years of his business life in traveling and introducing these books in different states of the Union, and the professor employing his time in preparing new works for the press. In 1839 he wrote his "Elementary Algebra," of which half a million copies have since been sold; and in 1840 they removed their business to Philadelphia, where they opened a small store at 21 Minor Street, at the same time gradually extending their operations, and selling, in small quantities, the issues of other houses.

During the following year they made arrangements with Mrs. Emma Willard, of Troy, to publish new editions of her "School Histories," comprising her "United States History," originally published by N. & J. White, of New York, in two forms—a large edition for academies and an abridged edition for schools; and her "Universal History," formerly published by F. J. Huntington, at Hartford. These works have had a very extensive sale, and are still quite popular. The business of A. S. Barnes & Co. had so far increased by 1843 that they were obliged to seek more commodious quarters, and in the spring of 1844 they removed to 18 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, where they remained but one year, and then transferred their business to the city of New York.

Here they hired the building 51 John Street, where they are still to be found; and connected with their business a printing-office under the care of C. A. Alvord, from Hartford, Conn., and a bindery under the care of Lemuel Eldridge, from Philadelphia. Mr. Alvord, however, soon established himself in business on his own account, in another part of the city, and is now known as one of the best and most extensive printers in the country. Mr. Eldridge retired, in 1856, with a comfortable fortune, and was succeeded

by Mr. H. B. Mahn, one of his former apprentices, and now one of the most accomplished school-book binders in the United States. Mr. George W. Wood is the successor of Mr. Alvord in Barnes & Co.'s printing department, and is an industrious and competent printer. Prof. Davies, in 1848, disposed of his interest in the business to Mr. Edmund Dwight, of Geneva, N. Y., who remained only one year in the concern, and was then succeeded by Mr. Henry L. Burr, a successful merchant of Ludlowville, N. Y., the firm name being A. S. Barnes & Burr, and for a time Barnes & Burr. He was a gentleman of genial temperament and manners, of great excellence of character, and good business qualities. Highly esteemed among his many business acquaintances and friends, his recent death was a serious loss to them as well as to his surviving partner, with whom he was connected during fifteen years. The great revulsion of business in 1857, followed by the calamities of war in 1861, proved too much for his slender frame, and a sudden attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, in 1862, warned him that he must withdraw from active business pursuits. He therefore immediately made his arrangements for a trip to Europe, where he traveled during the year 1863, returning in the spring of 1864 with comparatively comfortable health. But in the summer of 1865 he was suddenly attacked with paralysis, and died on the 26th of June of that year, aged fifty-three years, honored and beloved by all who knew him intimately.

Mr. S. A. Rollo was a member of the concern for some six years, during which time he was favorably known to the trade as an excellent salesman. He left the firm in 1858, and died in 1862.

The removal of the business from Philadelphia to New York proved of great advantage to the firm in giving increased facilities for the circulation of school-books, New York being the great center of trade and commerce, and affording a wider scope to the plans of an ambitious and enterprising house. Their list of publications began to increase soon after their removal to the metropolis. Their first New York enterprise was the issue of Mansfield's "Life of General Scott," of which 100,000 copies were sold; and the same author's "History of the Mexican War," a book of great popularity, which, appearing at a time when the public mind was occupied with the brilliant achievements of our army in Mexico, met with an extensive sale. Their next publication of public interest was Calvin Colton's "Life and Times of Henry Clay," in two large octavo volumes, issued at the time when that great man was a candidate for the presidency. About this time, also, the California gold-fever broke out, and one of the first books published concerning this new country was from the pen of Walter Colton, the alcalde of the territory, entitled "Three Years in California." This work, and another by the same author, entitled "Deck and Port," had a very large and rapid sale, and for a time were the popular books of the day. Other works by Mr. Colton, entitled "Sea and Sailor," "Land and Sea," and "Ship and Shore" (the two last-named having been originally published in 1833 by Jonathan Leavitt), were subsequently successfully published by Barnes & Burr, and still met with a moderate sale.

By 1850, A. S. Barnes & Co. had so far established their business in New York that they felt justified in attempting the publication of a complete series of American school-books, which should embrace the ordinary studies in our common schools and academies. They contracted with the most experienced teachers and authors to produce the best books in the different departments of study. They had already secured the publishing of Prof. Davies's series of arithmetics, algebras, and geometries; and now proceeded to contract with Prof. S. W. Clark, principal of the Bloomfield (N. J.) Academy, for an English grammar; with James Monteith and Francis McNally for a system of geography; and with R. G. Parker of Boston and J. M. Watson for a series of readers and spellers. These works followed each other in rapid succession, and are known as the "National Series of Standard School-Books," having reached a popularity and circulation unprecedented within the same time by any other series.

We come now to a consideration of the number, character, and sales of the publications of A. S. Barnes & Co.

First, in point of age and interest, are Davies's mathematical works, the first of which was published by Mr. Barnes in 1838. Since then Prof. Davies has been constantly employed in the revision and improvement of his older works, or in the preparation of new ones, as demanded by the progress of mathematical science and in accordance with his original design of editing a complete course. This house now publishes thirty-three different works bearing his name upon the title-page, and ranging from the "Primary Arithmetic" to the scholarly "Dictionary of Mathematical Science," by Prof. Davies and Prof. W. G. Peck, of Columbia College, which will be the great book of reference for students and teachers for generations to come. Some of these volumes have been before the public for thirty-five years, and yet every one of them still exhausts large annual editions, while the new issues show an amazing increase of circulation from year to year. These books, indeed, seem to be as popular now as they ever were in the days of their pristine freshness. Since the original publication of the "Descriptive Geometry" there have been printed and sold no less than 5,000,000 volumes of Davies's mathematical works. Of this number the book technically known as the "Old School Arithmetic" alone has reached the astounding sale of 1,250,000 copies. Although two new works, of corresponding grade and designed to take its place, have been issued successively, the sale, during the last year, of this veteran was 40,000 copies. More than 100,000 copies of this book have been sold in a single year. Of Davies's "Elementary Algebra" have been sold 500,000 copies, and of "Legendre's Geometry" 250,000 copies; of Davies's "New School Arithmetic," published in 1856, 450,000 copies have been called for, and of the "Practical," published in 1863, 75,000 copies. These are the works which, as above mentioned, were designed to supersede the "Old School Arithmetic," which, nevertheless, dies hard. Of Davies's total course, during the year 1865, were sold 325,000 volumes. "Willard's History of the United States," by the well-known founder of the Troy (N. Y.) Female Seminary, Mrs. Emma Willard, has attained a sale of 300,000 copies, and the "Universal History," by the same author, of 50,000 copies.

Clark's "English Grammar," published in 1847, revolutionized the old method of teaching grammar as instituted by Gould Brown, Lindley Murray, and other tormentors of our youth. Addressing the child's eye, and through that the mind, by means of figures setting forth the relations of words by their relative positions in a diagram, the author of this system, in fact, made the first practical step in the direction of the now popular system of "Object Teaching." The introduction of so radical a change naturally excited considerable opposition and ridicule; but the book has steadily fought its way into public favor, and has attained an aggregate sale of 300,000 copies, which its companion volumes, the "Primary" and "Analysis" (recently published), swell to a grand total of over 400,000. The "Sausage-link" or "Clothes-line" grammar, as it has been contemptuously called, bids fair for a brilliant future career.

R. G. Parker's "School Philosophy," issued originally in 1848, and now published by Collins & Brother, has sold to the extent of 275,000 copies. "Fulton & Eastman's Book-keeping," now issued by Moore & Nims, New York, had birth the same year and has reached 150,000. During the same year, also, Page's "Theory and Practice of Teaching"—of which the late Horace Mann wrote to the author, "It is a great book; I thank heaven you have written it"—that time-honored text-book for all pedagogues, came into the hands of A. S. Barnes & Co. from its original publishers, since which time 30,000 copies have been disposed of, although it would be difficult to estimate the total sale of this valuable work. It became the nucleus of a "Library for Teachers," composed of books peculiarly interesting and valuable to the profession, and comprising now some twenty volumes. Some of the most popular of these are Northend's "Teacher and Parent;" Holbrook's "Normal Methods of Teaching;" Root's "School Amusements;" Well's "Graded Schools," etc.

Northend's "Series of School Speakers" was first published in 1849, in three volumes, and a new series in 1859, of which two series the aggregate sale has

been 200,000; and all the works of this author, including two valuable treatises on the principles and methods of true modern education, enjoy a well-deserved popularity.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, Feb. 21, 1866.

THE FRANCE OF TO-DAY.

THE administration of justice in France has just issued an interesting report concerning the criminal records of that empire. It shows that the number of cases of infanticide, murder, and rape is rapidly increasing; that the cases of poisoning have increased from 13 in 1854 to 30 in 1864; and that the cases of forgery and theft have diminished in the same period, the former from 532 to 229, and the latter from 2,768 to 1,133. In 1864 there were 4,252 persons accused of various crimes, 3,505 of whom were men. This is the usual proportion of 82 male to 18 female accused persons, or 1 accused person out of 5,320 of the male population. Of the 4,252 accused 639 were under 21 years of age, 638 between 21 and 25, 698 between 25 and 30, 1,024 between 30 and 40, 509 between 40 and 50, 410 between 50 and 60, and 244 over 60. 2,267 were bachelors, 1,709 married men, and 276 widowers. In 1863 the proportions were almost exactly the same. The proportion of the accused who could neither read nor write was 41 per cent. in 1861, and 39 per cent. in 1864. Of those who had received a certain amount of education more than two-thirds knew little more than to read and write very imperfectly. Of the accused, 1,602 belonged to the agricultural classes, 1,461 to the manufacturing classes, 492 were tradesmen, 288 belonged to the liberal professions, 257 were domestic servants, and 242 men without any occupation. Out of 2,987 of the accused who were convicted, 2,373 were found guilty with "extenuating circumstances." The number of verdicts with "extenuating circumstances" is yearly growing larger. It will be observed by a close attention to these figures that the offences which spring from passion, pleasure, and indulgence have rapidly increased, whilst crimes against property have diminished—as they always do among a people keenly pursuing wealth. The large proportion of criminals belonging to the liberal professions is also noticeable; that class being the one whose usual stimulant—politics—is cut off in France. The gayety and extravagance which despots always encourage as a kind of chloroform for those whose liberties they amputate was never so great in France as now—not even when Marie Antoinette glittered at Versailles and all Paris danced up to, and over, the precipice. There is no reaction from long anxiety and distress in Paris to superinduce splendid frivolity, such as one sees operating in America at present. And what should we say if it were known that the balls of "La Coterie Carnaval" were got up at the expense of the United States treasury? In Paris the "subventions" of the grand fancy balls, of the theaters and operas, are matters of notoriety. By recent statistics we learn that in 1864 1 out of every 5 children born in Paris was illegitimate. Munich alone is ahead of Paris in this respect. It must, however, be remembered that in Paris more people live together quietly as husband and wife without legal marriage than in any other city in the world. The French law produces this result in three ways: 1, by compelling every man to show that he has the means for living before he is married; 2, by empowering a father, and after his death a mother, to forbid a son's marriage until he is 25 years of age; 3, by giving a quasi-legality to illegitimate relations which prevents the usual stigma from falling upon either sex in case of illicit alliances. In every Anglo-Saxon community those who are not conventionally victims are completely out of society; in France, were such to be cast out, society could scarcely survive. In other lands adultery implies the utter ruin of the moral nature, because the utter loss of social prospects; in France it co-exists with much cultivation, self-respect, and enjoyment. The offspring of such connections in other lands are outcasts; in France they are nothing of the kind; many of them live to put the bar-sinister on their coats of arms; one of them now sits on the throne of France.

It is universally felt that Napoleon is bending his bow against political freedom so far that it *must* snap. What is to follow when able and popular men like Paradol write as follows? Referring to the *avertissement* of the *Presse*, he says:

"I confess I follow the example of the peasant women and cross myself at each thunderclap, and this time the impression has been so great that I trust you will forgive me if I am more prudent than usual, and if my timidity

makes me utterly unmeaning. One may treat politics in three ways: with base subservience, with frank honesty, and with frivolous indifference. The first plan is not in my nature. I make no merit of it; it is simply owing to an insurmountable instinct. I would prefer supping with the dead, like M. de Boisay, rather than write after the first system. Two alternatives remain: to express one's opinion honestly or with frivolity. The first of the two would, indeed, be most agreeable. It would be delightful to live in a period when, to express the fact that it rains, one has merely to follow the advice of La Henyére and say it rains; or that of Boileau, and call things by their right names, *appeler un chat un chat*, without, by that simple stroke of one's pen, destroying a paper and ruining one's friends."

WALT WHITMAN.

I have been repeatedly astonished at finding how widely the name and—in a certain way—the fame of Walter Whitman has extended. Robert Browning told me that he read "Leaves of Grass" in Rome. In London I have heard him repeatedly parodied, the favorite form being this:

'O table! O chair! O big chair! O little chair!
O three-legged stool! O towel, basin, pewter mug!
If I adore anything it is you. O coal-scuttle . . . and the
coal of the coal-scuttle . . . and particularly the house-
maid who empties the coal-scuttle on to the fire!'

But Walt Whitman has excited something far other than ridicule—namely, a general belief that he has genius, and a curiosity to know something about him. I find enough eager listeners for the personal reminiscences I have of the bard of fish-shaped Paumanok—of which I have some very pleasant ones. The dismissal of him by Secretary Harlan has been widely noted here, and the Methodist (cabinet) minister is considerably laughed at for his scruples. Shakespeare, Rabelais, Fielding, Swift—are they, it is asked, to be found in the library of Congress? If so, let there be a devout ministerial Omar found to burn that library and proclaim that its value is to be found in a carefully expurgated Bible and Wesley's hymns. Apropos of Walt's ostracism by Mr. Harlan—for which the secretary is ridiculed by it—the *Pall Mall Gazette* has a curious column about the New York poet, who, it says, though it seems impossible that he could ever have had access to the stores of Oriental verse, "has somehow managed to acquire or imbue himself with not only the spirit, but the veriest mannerism, the most absolute trick and accent, of Persian poetry." "Take this, for instance," says the critic:

"What blurt is this about virtue and about vice?
Evil propels me, and reform of evil propels me: I stand in-
different.
Mine is no fault-finder's or re-jector's gait,
I moisten the roots of all that has grown."

If Persian verse-making had been part of the Haileybury course, after the manner of Latin alcäacs and hexameters in an English public school, in the days when the paramount importance of Persian as the culture-language of educated Indian Mussulmans was acknowledged and acted upon, this might have been put as easily and naturally into *Rubá'i* or quatrain after the manner of Khayyám of Ardebil, as Lord Lyttelton has put Tennyson's "Enone" into Latin hexameters. There are many passages of this kind, where the eastern and the western autotheist alike give full play to their fancy, hedge their stakes with a possible god, and defiantly proclaim the doctrine of salvation by revolt, for all that they have never wiped the grime of sin from their cheeks, nor pierced the jewel of conformity for their earring, as Khayyám says in his opening quatrain. Fitzgerald's admirable paraphrase of this poet, now out of print, was not in existence when Walt wrote; Cowell's essay he cannot have seen, nor Forbes Falconer's exquisite little fragments from the Sufis or transcendentalists; nor should we suppose he had come across Rückert. It is the pure identity of kindred spirits, cast in the same mold by analogous circumstances—at first sight so different—as to their outer form. Mussulman Puritans and New England Puritans, the ulama and the elders, each strain the cord too tightly, and the rebellious spirits break loose and run wild."

"Walt," he says further, "is a rebel, a nonconformist, one who beats the gong of revolt, to use his own extraordinary and unconscious adoption of a hack metaphor of the Persian poetry of revolt. His leading principle is random and reckless rebellion, such as a Persian would call *Usydín*, as opposed to *Takiyya*, or conformity. The curious way in which the extreme license of western thought has come to reproduce the extremest license of eastern thought, is as striking as anything in the history of modern American literature. There is a strong conscious tendency towards pantheism among the American transcendentalists, and a desire to become acquainted with the Persian masterpieces of pantheistic poetry. When Emerson wishes to denounce the English trait of groveling unspirituality, he takes Hafiz as his standard of spirituality. Even Saadi, the least transcendental of poets, a wit, humorist, and traveler far and wide, a sort of vagabond Horace, is made the subject of a critique in the current number of the "North American Review," which shows this appreciative leaning towards eastern thought, if one may so call it, shared by the Germans, but markedly deficient in the English of the mother country, whose connection with the East is much too practical to admit of it."

"We should like of all things," concludes the writer,

"to have caught him up early, sent him to study at Shiraz and paid for his keep there, and in the fullness of time set him to work upon a *bona fide* metrical and rhymed translation or reproduction of the glorious rolling hendecasyllabics of Jelaluddin Rumi. Walt Whitman has a very good ear; the 'Masnavi' has to be translated sooner or later, and the sympathetic American would have been rescued from his sty of epicurean autolatry by devotion to the great master-work of mystic transcendentalism in the East."

Those who have read Thoreau's letters will remember something written in the same sense about Walt, who paid Thoreau (the best oriental reader we ever had in America) a visit, and subsequently received letters giving him good advice about oriental books.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Mr. Charles Dickens appears in public nowadays, as Jenny Lind does, only to help charities. *He recently read at Islington (a suburb of London) from his works in the interest of a benevolent institution there, and never was happier. It is a wonder that Dickens did not follow the stage as a profession, so great is his power of acting. It shows how rigid are the age-hardened walls of caste in England that such a man is not yet in the "best English society," though it is maintained by the nobility that, if it had not been for some who would have had to be received with him, he would long ago have been in such society. He is very proud about it, and when the Queen wished him to act at Windsor in a certain amateur performance which had been a good deal talked about, he replied promptly that "he declined to go as a performer where he could not go as a private gentleman." The people associate him still with every generous and popular project, and recently went so far as to circulate a report that the "amateur casual" who slept in the workhouse in order to detail its cruelties was no other than the author of "Oliver Twist!" On Wednesday evening last Mr. Dickens took the chair at the anniversary festival of the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund Association, and gave an excellent address in behalf of that institution.

"One must know," he said, "something of the general calling of the theatrical profession to form an idea as to the character of the applicants for relief. It was not often the fault of the sufferers that they fell into straits. The struggling actor must necessarily change from place to place, and was, therefore, a stranger in many localities he visited. A very slight circumstance—a passing illness of a wife or a child, a 'serious' town, an anathematizing exponent of the gospel—any one of these causes might operate against his fortunes; and this society, with the alacrity of the crew of a life-boat, dashed forward and protected them all. As to the imputation of the improvidence and recklessness of the multitude of the profession, he believed it to be a cruel fable. There was no class of society the members of which so well helped themselves or so well helped each other. Not in the great chapter of Westminster Abbey or York Minster, not in the Royal Exchange, not in the Stock Exchange, not in the Inns of Court, not in the College of Physicians, not in the College of Surgeons, could there be found more remarkable instances of uncomplaining poverty, of cheerful self-denial, of professional brotherhood, than were to be found in the dimest theater or concert-room, or the raggedest circus that was ever stained by weather."

NEWSPAPERS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

According to the new "Newspaper Press Directory," there are now established in Great Britain 1,275 newspapers, an increase in ten years of 523. In London there are now published 226 journals; in the provinces, 707; Wales, 43; Scotland, 139; Ireland, 128; British Isles, 14. Of these there are 52 daily papers published in England, 1 in Wales, 12 in Scotland, 12 in Ireland, and 1 in the British Isles; total, 78. In 1856 there were only 35 daily papers: 15 in London, 1 in Birmingham, 3 in Liverpool, 3 in Manchester, 3 in Edinburgh, 4 in Glasgow, and 6 in Ireland. So that the increase has been much greater in daily papers than in any other class of periodicals. It is remarkable that Wales only produces one daily paper; and, curiously enough, the number in Scotland and Ireland is equal—12. Scotland has added 5 to her number of daily papers in ten years; Ireland, 6.

A WOMAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

A Welsh newspaper tells a queer story of an old woman living in that yet wild gipsy realm. Her name is Harriet Haines, and she has for seven or eight years lived mostly on the top of the mountains in Carnarvonshire, assuming the character of a "wild woman." Little is known of her beyond that she is an Irishwoman, that she lives during the summer months on the top of the mountains, and at night comes down to the lowlands to steal fruits and vegetables from the orchards, and to milk cows in the fields, thereby chiefly securing her sustenance. In cold weather she has been in the habit of going into remote houses on the mountains, pretending to be out of her mind, and, if there happened to be a weak or aged person in charge of the house, she would impudently de-

mand the best food in the house, being careful, however, to make her exit before the rest of the family came home. On Wednesday last week she went to Tynewydd, Dolwyddelan, to warm herself, it being a cold, wet morning, and on leaving the house she got hold of a child, between two and three years old, who was playing by the door, and took it with her towards the mountains. Fortunately the mother immediately missed the child, went out to look for it, and overtook the woman about 200 yards from the house. After a hard struggle she succeeded in getting the child from her. Information was given to the police, who apprehended the woman on the same day at Brynpeithynau, near Chapel-Curig, and conveyed her to the lock-up at Llanrwst, where she was safely lodged. She has since been committed to take her trial for child-stealing.

LITERARY NOTES.

Captain Gronow, in his "Last Recollections," gives the following story, which curiously illustrates the feeling towards Sir Robert Peel on the part of the tories after his leaving them :

"A Welsh baronet and M.P. entered the shop of Lock & Lincoln, in St. James's Street, to purchase a hat. The foreman could not find one sufficiently large for the baronet's head, and stated that he only knew one person whose head was so large. 'Who is that person?' asked the indignant Welshman. The foreman replied: 'It is no other than the great minister, Sir Robert Peel.' 'Oh, oh!' exclaimed Taffy, 'you make hats for that radical, do you? Well, then, it shall never be said that you have sold me a hat. I have a horror of such men as your great ministers.' And the baronet left the shop in dudgeon, much to the wonder and astonishment of the hatter."

In a work by Mr. R. W. Binns, F.S.A., entitled "A Century of Potting in the City of Worcester, being the History of the Royal Porcelain Works from 1751 to 1851;" we are told that this great pottery originated with a certain clever Dr. Wall, and was a political move on the part of the doctor to oust toryism from that city—which was ridden by it—by getting a large number of working-men, who would soon get votes, there. In this he succeeded. There is an account in the book of Lord Nelson's going there to order a complete set of dinner, breakfast, and other services for the Prince Regent—to the amount of £4,000. Nelson came to Worcester on Sunday evening, and was received by the crowd with such enthusiasm that they unharnessed his horses and drew his carriage themselves to the Hop-pole Inn. Sir William and Lady Hamilton were along, and also the Rev. Dr. Nelson and his wife. Lady Hamilton leaned upon Nelson's arm, and their portraits were painted upon china vases.

J. M. Ludlow (Thomas Hughes's law partner) has reprinted from "Good Words" his sketch of the life of President Lincoln. It is entitled "President Lincoln Self-portrayed."

Mr. Greenwell is about to issue a valuable and finely illustrated book for the craniological—"A Decade of Skulls from Ancient Northumbria."

THE CLUES.

It seems that Mr. Thompson's offer of an American lectureship at Cambridge is not to pass without a fight, after all. The Rev. E. H. Perowne, B.D., has been silly enough to inaugurate his Hulsean lectureship (to which he was last week elected) by issuing a paper against the project. Charles Kingsley (professor of history) and Rev. Sedley Taylor have replied sharply. The "whips" are very busy, and the matter is to be finally voted on in the university senate to-morrow evening.

Two of the new literary members of Parliament have made their maiden speeches. Mr. Mill spoke twice on the cattle-plague bill, and once upon the *habeas corpus* suspension. He is forcible, but does not speak loud enough. The appearance in the papers of "who was heard with difficulty" will probably reform that. He was very severe and excited on the Irish question, and the tories drowned his voice with noise. During the entire debate he was nervous, and his eyes flashed when Roebuck—once his personal intimate friend—attacked John Bright. Thomas Hughes fleshed his maiden sword in the side of a greedy railway corporation who wished to cut up Hampstead Heath, the most beautiful breathing space close to London. He succeeded, and has added immensely to his great popularity.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

A granddaughter of Roujet de Lisle, the composer of "La Marseillaise," is going to marry M. Eugene Philippon. The bride will, however, preserve the name of her grandfather, under the inspiration of whose genius many a gallant deed has been achieved in the cause of liberty.

The well-known French actress, Mdlle. Déjazet, who still keeps the stage in spite of her seventy years, is now

making a tour in the French provinces. At Rochefort she was hissed by a sapeur, who mistook her for Thérésa, the original singer of "Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur."

Mme. Tinné, of Amsterdam, the well-known Nile traveler, is at present at Civita Vecchia. During the day she explores Rome and its sights, accompanied by her white and black suite, and in the evening she returns to her yacht in the harbor, in which she spends the night.

The recent Austrian law which makes the teaching of the Czech language obligatory in Bohemia has caused an emigration of German Bohemians into Saxony. They refuse to let their children waste their time over a language which would be utterly useless to them in their future trades and professions, and prefer to send them to the Saxon schools.

Among the various legacies left by Meyerbeer there is a sum of 10,000 thalers set aside for young musical students. Every second year a prize of 1,000 thalers is to be given for the best musical piece composed by a German under twenty-eight years, without distinction of rank or creed. The first competition is to take place next year.

In the French Chamber there are 58 lawyers, 55 mayors, 32 officers of rank, 18 merchants, 17 literary men, 12 bankers, 9 magistrates, 69 physicians, 4 chamberlains, and 2 equerries to the Emperor. Eighty-four only of the members are in the habit of addressing the house, and of these thirteen only are good speakers.

M. D. C.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, March 10, 1866.

I HAVE been interested to see what the critics have to say of Mr. Wheeler's recent "Dictionary of Noted Names of Fiction," for it is not a bad book to draw out both the excellent and depraved qualities of our current criticism. The scope of his intents was so vast, and he was so much at loss for the want of pioneers in the same field that no one could know more sensibly than himself how far he had fallen short of what such a book might become in time, and by the cumulative suggestions of many. Pains he did take to secure fullness and accuracy, but failures in both respects were inseparable from a scheme so new and multifrom, and he trusted with no commonplaces of authorial deference to the candor of his critics. In looking over some of their comments and strictures I have found various degrees of fitness in their remarks. I will not speak of the usual "square" of commendation and indiscriminate laudation which marks the vast majority of these notices as only so much of equivalent for the book and its advertisement, but designate one or two which, seeking independence, only arrived at willfulness. Such was a notice that appeared in the Chicago *Republican*, noted alike for unfairness both in want of circumspection and in absolute misrepresentation. Mr. Wheeler had distinctly declared in his preface that the greatest deficiency in his volume was likely to be found in pure romance, and he did it certainly with no consciousness of neglect of that department, but with a clear knowledge of the vastness of the domain and an equally clear apprehension of the favoritisms of everybody in that range. People have their pet novelist, whose characters are apt to stand forward prominently in their every-day thoughts, and they are induced to think them more notable for the world at large than they really are. It was not Mr. Wheeler's business to chronicle really good personages of fiction, but only such as had fallen in with the humor or hit the fancy of the time. This was a test not only difficult to apply in itself, but one that hardly any two people would coincide in throughout. Mr. Bartlett tells me in regard to his kindred volume of "Familiar Quotations" that there is no end to the extracts which kind friends send him, which, doubtless, ought to be familiar, but, unfortunately, are not—according to his experience in the matter. It is not to be expected that any single individual, either Mr. Bartlett or Mr. Wheeler, can so decide upon these respective suitors that their particular admission and exclusion will secure the approval of any one person in their entirety. It is the part of candor to put ourselves in their position and consider if we would not have given prominence to some whom others may not have reckoned worthy of recognition, and omitted others whom some valued. Mr. Wheeler, I know, was urged to two plans by those interested in his project, and he thinks the scholars whom he consulted about equally divided upon the point. Some favored a choice selection of only the most important; while others urged as wide a scope as possible. I remember seeing a note from Mr. Wendell Phillips to him, advocating the latter course, and warning him not to take it for granted that the public could understand even the most obvious references. Mr. Wheeler, furthermore quotes as a motto a remark of De Quincey's,

that he is "daily admonished that allusions, the most obvious, to anything in the rear of our own time need explanation." The Englishman's promptings may have been theoretical; but in Mr. Phillips's case it was the experience of a man who had often met the average intellect in the mass, and had felt how rarely it was alive to every suggestion of metaphor and allusion. To follow this advice to the utmost, Mr. Wheeler perceived was a work of magnitude hardly to be accomplished in a tentative work, as his really was. The result in practice was somewhat of a middle course, as adapted to the general requirements. The result, in the eyes of many of his critics, has been a failure to please exactly those who desired too little as well as those who looked for too much. One critic will think he had done better to leave out all such articles as he has in common with Anthon or Lemprière, forgetting that the bulk of general readers are such as have never had a collegiate, nor even an academic, training. Another, like the one of the Chicago *Republican*, will conclude that Mr. Wheeler shows a deplorable lack of judgment in what he puts in and an amazing carelessness as to what he leaves out, because all of Bulwer's or Thackeray's or Dickens's characters are not noticed to the extent he likes. Doubtless he names some whom Mr. Wheeler would have inserted had he known the suffrage in their favor which some of them doubtless possess; but it ill becomes a critic to claim his list embraces such as there can be no question about whatever, and then to conclude it with such an unknown hero as Allston's Monaldi, etc. When he laments the neglect of Dickens, he should have known that in "Oliver Twist" the character is *Sikes*, and not *Sykes*, which he would have found under the proper spelling. Many of the names he gives, both in these writers and in Marryatt, Lever, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, and the rest, are doubtless sharp characterizations that might have stamped themselves incisively upon the popular mind in such a way as to make the reference seem unpedantic in conversation or far from recondite in writing; but that was not Mr. Wheeler's business; but, rather, have they made this impression? In some of his catalogue they perhaps have, but in others certainly not in any general sense. There may be some excuse for this critic's assertions of the omission of Captain Rock, since he doubtless looked for it under the last initial, where it would certainly have been well to have had a cross reference. He objects, also, that since *amrita*, the Hindu beverage of immortality, is given, the other designations, nectar and ambrosia, are not given. He could scarcely have comprehended the scope of Mr. Wheeler's book, as supplemental to ordinary dictionaries, or he would not have desired his encroaching upon their ground. The Hindu word was given, of course, because it cannot easily be found defined by the general reader. His criticism upon the treatment of "Chevy Chase" is also unfair. Ordinary gazetteers give the information he looks for, and Mr. Wheeler was not certainly called upon to define other than its literary and allusive significance.

But this critic's strictures upon Mr. Wheeler's scheme of pronunciation are more particularly unfortunate, since he pronounces well-considered work that has met with the approval of those best qualified to decide as "ingeniously funny;" but he should not be caught in perverting Mr. Wheeler's pronunciation of Badinguet by omitting the equivalents of his diacritical signs, or in not consulting his sectional reference under that word. He treats the respelling of Bontemps in the same deceiving way. The omission to sound the final vowel in the Spanish Cide was, indeed, an oversight, as was apparent from the critic's statement of the case; but the apparent claim that he makes for a different quality to the final *e* in German than Mr. Wheeler gives it is by no means satisfactory. I have lived in Germany and have heard the *u* sound as in the English *up* given it in good society, and in some regions prevalently; but it is equally certain that the best orthoepists unite upon Mr. Wheeler's decision, and a critic, at least, should have allowed a conflict of authorities rather than make a broad assertion intended to deceive. Let him consult Ellis's or Cassell's German pronouncing dictionary upon the point, or any good German grammar. He will find Rapp says: "The German does not use the original vowel [*u* as in *urn*] in pronouncing his final *e*, but utters them with a pure vocal *e* [like the *a* in *chaotic*.]" This critic also cites Mr. Wheeler's pronunciation of chevalier only to misrepresent it. If he had lived in New England he would not have made objection to the same sound of *a* in *arm* and *grass*; but not living here, he should have consulted Mr. Wheeler's cross reference, where he would have found the matter explained and his choice allowed. The *u* in *cube* and *cupidity*, in us and glorious, and the *y* in *type* and *typhoon* are not marked as different in quality, as he leaves the reader to

infer, but in quantity, as must be apparent to all. Smart, the best of the English orthoepists, makes the same distinction.

I have thus run through all of his remarks on this point, just to show how untrustworthy a critic can be, while setting up a pretense of authority. To disagree would be fair; but to misrepresent is certainly unhandsome. As to the matter of orthoepistic notation, any one who has given even a little attention to the subject knows its difficulty, and a successful inventor of a phonetic scheme has got to avoid complexity on the one hand—since his work is intended for the million—and insufficiency of distinctions on the other. An authority recognized by all who are acquainted with the subject of phonology as one of the most judicious, original, and learned phonetists living—his review of Lepsius's "Standard Alphabets" being a masterpiece of discussion in its way—pronounces Mr. Wheeler's scheme "highly successful," and tells the author that he has been much impressed with the happy manner in which he has disposed of some difficult and controverted points; and, as regards the point raised by the Chicago critic, he says of the implied denial by his notation of the flattened *a*, as distinguishable between *arm* and *grass*, "You know best whether you may venture to go as far as this; for my part, as you know, I hope you may." Dr. Thomas has a native as well as European reputation in matters of foreign pronunciation, and his scheme, as propounded in "Lippincott's Gazetteer," does not essentially differ from Mr. Wheeler's, and he acknowledges in the preface to his last publication the valuable assistance received from Mr. Wheeler, allowing him to have studied the subject in its various branches with great diligence and success. With so much in it that commends itself to any

one who is willing to investigate the matter, and with such backers as I have quoted, Mr. Wheeler may well afford to bear the foolish treatment of the Chicago critic, or the decision of the *Independent's* critic, that his system is "a remarkable specimen of ingenious and systematic error," as far as regards the French. This latter critic, also, has not been able to write his notice without perversions, as when he charges Mr. Wheeler with writing of the "Blue Laws" as "though they were a collection of genuine statutes." He leaves the public to infer that the article "Young Italy" is a blunder; but as he does not rectify it, and as I find Mr. Wheeler's statements supported in the "New American Cyclopaedia" under Mazzini, and in "Chambers's Cyclopaedia" under Carbonari, I am inclined to think he dissented at a hazard. He also objects to the omission of this very word "carbonari," without intimating that Mr. Wheeler, in his preface, had excluded in general all such words usually found in good cyclopedias. I know not why he objects to the definition of "Bohemia," except that Mr. Wheeler erred in confining its position to London and Paris, and did not include other metropolitan cities, as he perhaps should. The definition, however, as he gives it, is borne out by Edward M. Whitty's "Bohemians of London," and passed under the eye, without questioning, of Dr. MacKenzie and Ferdinand Böcher. The same critic accuses Mr. Wheeler of almost ignoring modern French fiction. It would have been a very easy matter for him to have added a few more from Bescherelle's compilation—the only foreign book at all resembling his own—had it been within his plan to give other than those confessedly familiar to English ears, which can hardly be said of any of Balzac's characters. The charge was an unfair one, and the author had taken proper precautions against its

being made in his preface. To make it was either carelessness or perverseness.

I find another very dull reviewer objecting to any definition of characters in fiction, because nothing short of reading the story itself can adequately comprehend them! It is as much as though Webster or Worcester had refused to define chemistry, because if anybody wanted to know what it meant he must master the science. We might expect such a critic to decide that the author might have better exerted his industry in some other direction. There is an instance in the review which appeared in the *Times* where a critic may take exceptions, and yet do it understandingly, and be willing to recognize the fitness of Mr. Wheeler's appeal, had he put the well-known words of Horace on his title-page:

"Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."

In passing from this matter I may add that the publishers (Ticknor & Fields) are allowing the plates of this dictionary to be corrected with each new impression (another is out this week), and that it is the author's intention when the emendations and additions accumulate to such a degree as to make a new stereotyping desirable, to enlarge his plan into a "General Dictionary of Fiction and Literary Allusions," as was suggested by the reviewer in THE ROUND TABLE. It may interest some to know that the publishers have in press an edition of one hundred large-paper copies. I may add, as a testimony to the general accuracy of the text, that while the volume contains something over four thousand articles, those interested in its correctness have yet discovered only about a hundred instances where it was advisable to alter the plates, and of those about twenty-five only were of a nature absolutely erroneous.

W.

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Cash Assets, Feb. 1, 1866, \$14,885,278 88

Number of Policies issued in 1865, 8,600, insuring...	\$21,394,407 00
In Force February 1, 1866, 25,797 Policies, insuring...	\$8,413,933 00
Dividend Addition to same	7,880,925 92
	\$91,244,888 92

STATEMENT FOR YEAR.

JANUARY 31, 1866.

The Net Assets Feb. 1, 1865 \$11,709,414 68

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR.

For premiums and policy fees:	
Original or new policies.....	\$1,154,066 94
Renewals.....	1,818,654 82
War extras and annuities, 15,423 64—\$2,988,150 40	
Interest:	
On bonds and mortgages, 261,752 88	
U. S. Stocks.....	352,329 52
Premium on gold.....	94,939 66—
Rent.....	500,082 06
Total.....	\$5,831 34—\$3,853,065 80

Disbursements as follows:	
Paid claims by death and additions to same.....	\$712,823 71
Paid matured Endowment Policies and additions.....	20,999 53
Paid post-mortem Dividends, Dividends surrendered, and reduction of Premium.....	58,730 87
Paid surrendered Policies.....	190,691 49
Paid annuities.....	10,342 55
Paid Taxes.....	38,079 52
Paid Expenses, including Exchange, Postage, Advertising, Medical Examinations, Salaries, Printing, Stationery, and sundry office expenses.....	174,310 94
Paid Commissions, and for purchase of Commissions accruing on future premiums.....	234,255 12—1,540,130 63
Net Cash Assets, Jan. 31, 1866.....	\$14,112,349 85

Invested as follows:	
Cash on hand and in Bank.....	\$1,475,899 82
Bonds and Mortgages.....	7,348,622 90
U. S. Stocks (cost).....	4,468,921 25
Real Estate.....	782,307 34
Balance due by Agents.....	36,559 14—\$14,112,349 85

Interest accrued but not due.....	\$112,000 00
Interest due and unpaid.....	5,084 73
Defered Premiums and Premiums due, but not yet received.....	635,844 30—772,929 03
Gross Assets, Jan. 31, 1866.....	\$14,885,278 88
Increase in Net Cash Assets for the Year.....	\$2,312,935 17

THE GROSS ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE THUS APPROXIMATED:

Reserve to reinsurance outstanding policies, including dividend additions to same.....	\$11,503,996 03
Claims ascertained and unpaid (not due).....	132,750 00
Dividend additions to same.....	23,497 64
Post-mortem dividends (uncalled for).....	29,981 73
Premiums paid in advance.....	11,065 48

Undivided surplus (excluding a margin on the above Reserves of over \$1,000,000).....	218,640 42
Dividend of 1866	\$2,975,388 58
Gross Assets, Feb. 1, 1866, as above.....	\$14,885,278 88
N. B.—The reserve to reinsurance outstanding policies and additions (\$11,503,996 03), as above, includes a margin of \$1,000,000 over and above the net values, at four per cent. interest, so that the total undivided surplus exceeds \$1,300,000.	

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